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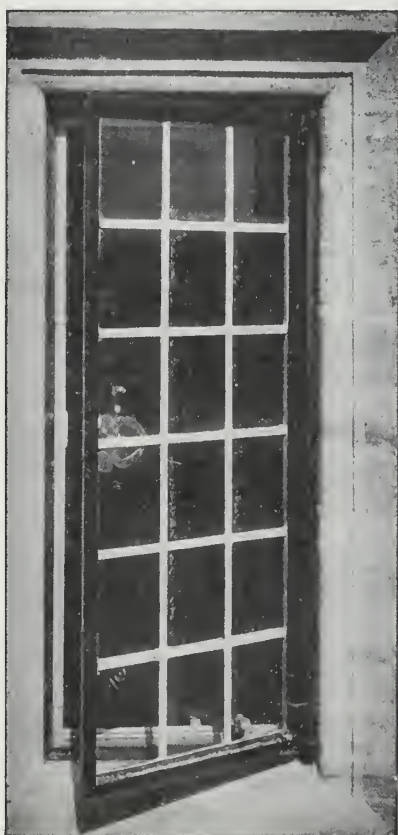
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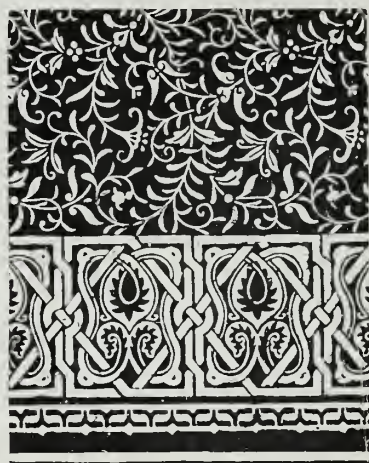
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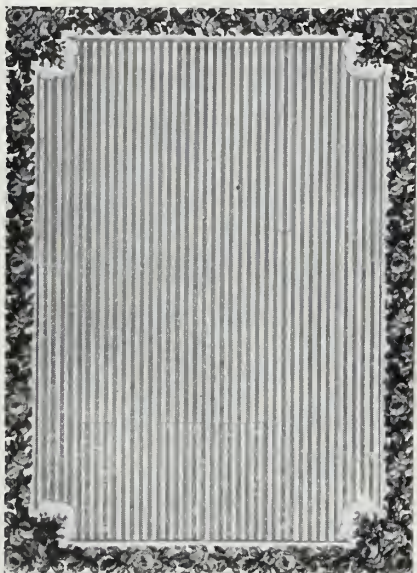
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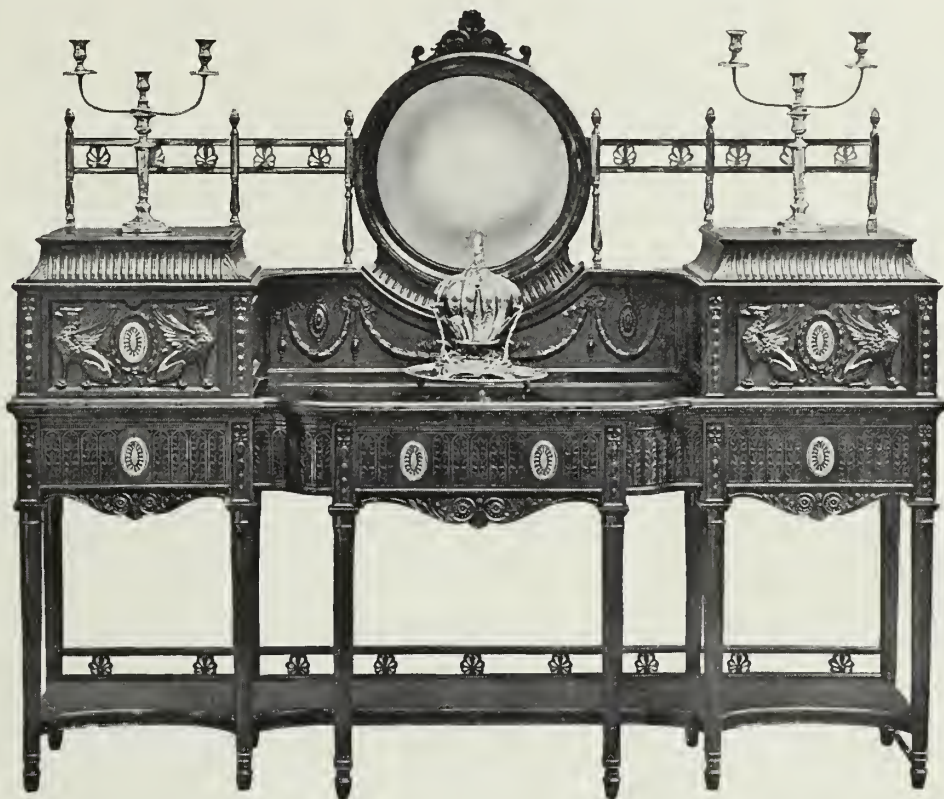
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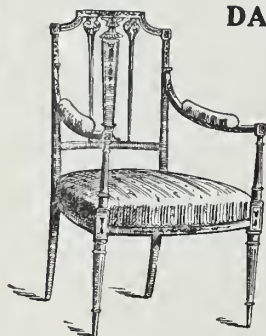


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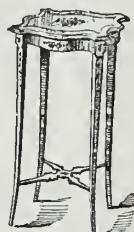
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CHARLES HOLME

TEXT BY  
D. CROAL THOMSON

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE Editor desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to the following, who have kindly assisted in the preparation of this volume by lending pictures and prints, by allowing their pictures to be photographed, or by rendering help in other ways:—Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, Mr. J. Carfrae Alston, Mr. Craibe Angus, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. Craig Annan, Mr. William Beattie, Mr. William Burrell, Messrs. Cottier & Co., Mr. James Crathern, The Rt. Hon. Sir John Day, Mr. J. C. J. Drucker, The Hon. Sir George Drummond, Mr. E. B. Greenshields, Mr. F. R. Heaton, Mr. Arthur Kay, Messrs. Knoedler & Co., Messrs. William Marchant & Co., Mr. Andrew Maxwell, Messrs. F. Muller & Co., Mr. A. Forrester Paton, Mr. H. G. Tersteeg, Mr. John G. Ure, Messrs. Wallis & Son, Madame E. J. Van Wisselingh, and Mr. P. J. Zürcher.

The Editor also wishes especially to thank Mr. Matthew Maris and Mr. William Maris for the valuable assistance they have given Mr. Croal Thomson in the preparation of the letterpress, by furnishing him with interesting particulars of their family history and artistic careers.





# ARTICLES

|                                                       |      |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|--------|
| Introduction . . . . .                                | page | i      |
| Modern Dutch Painting . . . . .                       | „    | vii    |
| Family History . . . . .                              | „    | xi     |
| Methods of Oil and Water-Colour Painting . . . . .    | „    | xxiii  |
| Maris Pictures in America . . . . .                   | „    | xxix   |
| Examples of the Works of the Brothers Maris . . . . . | „    | xxxix  |
| The Influence of the Brothers Maris . . . . .         | „    | xxxvii |

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER JAMES MARIS

## IN FACSIMILE COLOURS—

|                                                                                                                |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| “Gateway at Haarlem.” By permission of Messrs. Thos.<br>Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .        | J. 3  |
| “Entrance to the Zuider Zee.” By permission of Messrs.<br>Thos. Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son. . . . . | J. 9  |
| “The Windmill.” By permission of Messrs. Thos.<br>Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .              | J. 17 |
| “Ploughing.” By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew &<br>Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .                 | J. 27 |

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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| “The Fisherman.” By permission of Messrs. Thos.<br>Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .             | J. 6  |
| “The Towpath.” From the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir<br>John Day . . . . .                                   | J. 14 |
| “River Scene.” From the collection of Arthur Kay, Esq. . . . .                                                 | J. 24 |
| “The Canal.” By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon<br>& Co., The Hague . . . . .                           | J. 1  |
| “The Five Windmills.” By permission of Messrs. Thos.<br>Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .        | J. 2  |
| “The Young Mother.” From the collection of J. C. J.<br>Drucker, Esq., in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam . . . . . | J. 4  |

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|                                                                                                        |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| "Dordrecht." From the collection of William Beattie, Esq.                                              | J. 5  |
| "View of a Harbour." In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam                                                    | J. 7  |
| "A Stormy Day." From the collection of the Rt. Hon.<br>Sir John Day . . . . .                          | J. 8  |
| "View of a Town." By permission of Messrs. F. Muller<br>& Co., Amsterdam . . . . .                     | J. 10 |
| "Ploughing." From the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir<br>John Day . . . . .                             | J. 11 |
| "View of a Town." In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam                                                       | J. 12 |
| "River Scene." By permission of A. Preyer, Esq., The<br>Hague . . . . .                                | J. 13 |
| "At the Well." From the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir<br>John Day . . . . .                           | J. 15 |
| "A Dutch Town." From the Donald Collection in the<br>Glasgow Art Gallery . . . . .                     | J. 16 |
| "Girl Sewing." By permission of Messrs. Wallis & Son .                                                 | J. 18 |
| "A Dutch Lugger." From the Donald Collection in the<br>Glasgow Art Gallery . . . . .                   | J. 19 |
| "The Bridge." By permission of Messrs. Knoedler & Co.                                                  | J. 20 |
| "Girl on Sofa." From the Donald Collection in the<br>Glasgow Art Gallery . . . . .                     | J. 21 |
| "The Ferry Boat." In the Municipal Museum, Amsterdam                                                   | J. 22 |
| "Gathering Shells." From the collection of J. C. J.<br>Drucker, Esq., in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam . | J. 23 |
| "The Peacock Feather" . . . . .                                                                        | J. 25 |
| "A Cloudy Day." From the collection of J. Carfrae<br>Alston, Esq. . . . .                              | J. 26 |
| "The Shepherdess." By permission of Messrs. Thos.<br>Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . .     | J. 28 |
| "The Wharf." By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon<br>& Co., The Hague . . . . .                   | J. 29 |
| "Near Rotterdam." From the collection of C. D. Reich,<br>Esq., Jun. . . . .                            | J. 30 |
| "Amsterdam." From the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir<br>John Day . . . . .                             | J. 31 |



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## IN FACSIMILE COLOURS—

- “The Christening.” By permission of Messrs. Thos.  
Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . M. 14  
“Siska.” From the collection of D. Croal Thomson, Esq. M. 22

## IN PHOTOGRAVURE—

- “The King’s Children.” In the Mesdag Museum, The  
Hague . . . . . M. 3  
“The Shepherdess.” From the collection of the Hon. Sir  
George Drummond . . . . . M. 6  
“L’Enfant Couchée.” From the collection of Andrew  
Maxwell, Esq. . . . . M. 17  
“Baby.” From the collection of John G. Ure, Esq. . M. 27

## LITHOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION—

- A Drawing. Lent by the Artist . . . . . M. 11

- “The Christening.” From the collection of E. B. Green-  
shields, Esq. . . . . M. 1  
“The Castle.” From the collection of James Crathern, Esq. M. 2  
An Early Study. From the collection of Madame E. J.  
Van Wisselingh . . . . . M. 4  
“The Butterflies.” From the collection of William Burrell,  
Esq. . . . . M. 5  
“The Flower.” From the collection of R. B. Angus, Esq. M. 7  
“Montmartre.” From the collection of William Burrell, Esq. M. 8  
A Study. From the collection of M. Van der Maarell, Esq. M. 9  
“The Prince and the Princess.” From the collection of  
A. Forrester Paton, Esq. . . . . M. 10  
A Study. In the Mesdag Museum, The Hague . . . M. 12  
“Feeding Chickens.” From the collection of the Rt. Hon.  
Sir John Day . . . . . M. 13

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|                                                                                         |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| "A Market Scene." From the collection of J. J. Biesing,<br>Esq. . . . .                 | M. 15 |
| "Souvenir of Amsterdam." By permission of Messrs.<br>William Marchant & Co. . . . .     | M. 16 |
| "The Spinner." From the collection of J. R. H. Neer-<br>voort van de Poll, Esq. . . . . | M. 18 |
| Landscape. In the Mesdag Museum, The Hague . . .                                        | M. 19 |
| "A Fantasy." From the collection of Madame E. J. Van<br>Wisselingh . . . . .            | M. 20 |
| "Lausanne." From the collection of William Burrell, Esq. .                              | M. 21 |
| A Study. From the collection of Madame E. J. van<br>Wisselingh . . . . .                | M. 23 |
| "The Four Mills." From the collection of the Rt. Hon.<br>Sir John Day . . . . .         | M. 24 |
| "The Bride of the Church." In the Mesdag Museum,<br>The Hague . . . . .                 | M. 25 |
| "Under the Tree." From an original etching lent by the<br>Artist . . . . .              | M. 26 |
| "Cottage Scene." From the collection of C. D. Reich,<br>Esq., Junr. . . . .             | M. 28 |
| "The Enchanted Castle." From an original etching lent<br>by the Artist . . . . .        | M. 29 |
| "The Sisters." From the collection of William Burrell,<br>Esq. . . . .                  | M. 30 |
| "The Lady with the Distaff." From an original etching                                   | M. 31 |



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## IN FACSIMILE COLOURS—

|                                                                                                         |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
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| “The Family.” By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew &<br>Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .         | W. 9 |

## IN PHOTOGRAVURE—

|                                                                                                        |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| “Springtime.” From the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir<br>John Day . . . . .                            | W. 6  |
| “In the Shade.” By permission of P. J. Zürcher, Esq.                                                   | W. 1  |
| “A Quiet Spot.” By permission of Messrs. Boussod,<br>Valadon & Co., The Hague . . . . .                | W. 2  |
| “By the Stream.” By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew<br>& Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .     | W. 4  |
| “Ducks.” By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons<br>and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . .             | W. 5  |
| “Cattle in Pasture.” From the collection of the Rt. Hon.<br>Sir John Day . . . . .                     | W. 7  |
| “Cows near a Ditch.” In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam                                                    | W. 8  |
| “The Landing Place.” By permission of Messrs. Thos.<br>Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son . . . . . | W. 10 |
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# INTRODUCTION



THROUGHOUT the history of Art there are many examples of the Heaven-born gift of genius being to some limited extent hereditary. In painting these are mostly confined, as in the case of the Ghirlandajos, Domenico the father of Ridolfo, the Francias, the Canaletti family, the Carracci family, and the Tiepolos, to sons succeeding fathers and carrying on the business of the house, as it were, which

had been begun by the elder artist.

There are examples also in the modern world of Art, some being amongst notable living men, and others, like the Landseer Brothers—Sir Edwin, the animal painter, and his brother Thomas, a well-known engraver—amongst a past generation.

In nearly all these instances, however, one member of the family has achieved great distinction over his relatives, and, as in the Ghirlandajos and Tiepolos, this has occurred to such an extent as practically to merge the less renowned in the fame of the more widely acknowledged artist.

With the Maris circle the facts appear to be different from those connected with any other members of the artistic community, either of the present day, or, in any remarkable way, of the past.

In the Maris family are to be found three distinguished artists, each walking his own way, and while all three have affinities with the others (their early productions especially being very similar in ideas), yet each possesses characteristics which have gradually become so decidedly marked as to render each worker an artist on his own merit and of the first rank.

Although not so recorded, the Brothers Maris must have had exceptional parents, but their special gift does not seem to have been hereditary except through the possible influence which the older Dutch Art has on all the mothers and fathers in Holland. Only, as I shall show later, the Maris family cannot be claimed as being entirely Dutch, for the grandfather of the brothers, a Napoleonic conscript, was born in Germany.

The reference to the older school of Holland leads one to reflect on the influence that the art of the past has on the artists and art lovers of the present. I greatly fear this influence is not nearly so powerful

## INTRODUCTION

as many wish to assert, and as we would ourselves, if possible, gladly believe. For what is the use of contending that this influence is really strong when we think of the countries possessing the finest old pictures and of their modern representative paintings. Take Spain for example. Amidst the many brilliantly coloured performances of to-day—far behind, so far as I know, the achievements of Fortuny, or even Madrazo—are there any pictures which reveal, in the smallest way, the influence of the greatest painter of all—the glorious Velasquez? Or take Italy. After the lamented Segantini, is there any painter of to-day who is touched with the traditions of Rome, Florence or Venice, in any masterly manner? Even in France the ascendancy of the Barbizon School lingers almost alone in the aged Harpignies, while the Delacroix disciples have lost themselves in fantastic compositions such as we look on without feelings of interest or pleasure.

Art, in face of such facts, cannot be considered hereditary as a matter of course. The works of the forebears carry only a modified ascendancy over the results of to-day. The old masters are frequently left out of account by the present-day artists. It may fairly be contended, however, the result is that we find new ideas of art springing up amongst new people, and the stimulating breath of genius carried as by spirits from one country to another.

Let us momentarily consider landscape-painting—and it is mostly with landscape the Maris Brothers have to do. Chronologically downwards from the old Dutch artists, Ruysdael, Hobbema and Van der Neer, we come to the Norwich School of England. This develops into Bonington, Constable and Turner, and these exercise a most potent sway over the Barbizon men of 1830. From France the spot where genius lodges changes again to Holland, and in the present year, 1907, the artists of the Low Countries appear to have a monopoly—and they have had it for a generation past—of artistic production as a nation.

Folly it would be to suggest that other living artists of to-day are always inferior to the masters just named, but these men are like individual peaks in level lands, although the absurd etiquette of to-day forbids us to recognise their eminence until their spirits are freed from their mortal dwelling-house.

Later I discuss the merits of the modern Dutch school, but for the moment I may say, broadly speaking, that we arrive at the conclusion the artists of Holland of to-day are, as a group, superior in real artistic production to the painters of any other nation, and of these

## INTRODUCTION

artists we find the three Brothers Maris, with their colleagues Mauve and Israels, the most distinguished of the number. Each deserves consideration of his merits and artistic qualities in a different light, and while, again broadly speaking, I find the eldest brother James Maris technically the greatest painter, this does not prevent me from almost adoring the spiritual qualities of Matthew, nor from appreciating the artistic charms of the youngest brother William.

The increase in the world's estimate of the paintings and the drawings of the Brothers Maris, although gradual and never by any leaps and bounds, has been so continual that the difference has become remarkable and even phenomenal. From the very small beginnings of the current money values of the productions of these artists—that is anything from ten pounds to fifty for a water-colour, and from twenty-five or thirty to two hundred pounds for an important oil painting—the works of all three Brothers Maris have risen to sums scarcely credible outside the wealthy *côterie* who willingly compete for their productions. For example, the most important picture James Maris produced, which, as we say elsewhere, was painted in 1885, was purchased from the artist for something under four thousand gulden, or about three hundred and twenty pounds, and it is said to have changed hands in 1906 for about double as many guineas as was originally paid in gulden, and if it were again to come into the market it would readily fetch even a larger amount.

I remember very well being present at the sale of the Waggamann collection in New York in 1905; the many general biddings there were, all over the room, for the Dutch pictures, when Israels and Mauve sold for record sums and the small drawings by James and William Maris reached amounts far beyond expectation. I had thought it quite possible, in the multitude of pictures to be offered, that these drawings would be sold for something under their value in England, but I was mistaken and was only further impressed with the willingness of the intelligent American to pay highly for the finest quality of artistic work.

In America artistic matters are treated in the best circles in a far more serious way than in England. The young American reads about each artist of fame, selects the masters he or she personally prefers—for the ladies, having more leisure, enter with completely intelligent zeal into the pursuit—and then study them and their works in the most careful way. It is in Boston that this is found in



most vigorous existence, but in New York, Philadelphia, as well as in Canadian Montreal, the cultivation of a knowledge and understanding of the Fine Arts is almost equally healthy. Even in the comparatively small city of Pittsburg, under the competent guidance of that friend of art and artistic people, Mr. J. W. Beatty, such matters are excellently well understood.

In New York City affairs of this kind are, like those of London and Paris, in the hands of large and old-established houses, such as Messrs. Knoedler & Co., with Mr. Carstairs as the special friend of the Hollanders, Mr. James Inglis, and Messrs. Scott and Fowles, whose successful enterprise has carried some of the finest canvases of the school into the interior of the United States.

It is not surprising, therefore, that for many reasons there has been a steady flow of modern Dutch pictures to the western side of the Atlantic.

In England there are at present only one or two prominent collectors of these works. Until recently there were also two well-known men who devoted their leisure and money to gathering together fine examples of all the modern artists of Holland. Both of these collections, that of Mr. J. S. Forbes and of Mr. Alexander Young, have been fully described in *THE STUDIO*. Other collectors are Sir John Day, Mr. George McCulloch—the owner of *The Lock* and a lovely little Matthew Maris, *At the Well*—and Mr. J. C. J. Drucker. This last-named gentleman, whose home is in Mayfair, and whose sympathies are thoroughly British, is the happy possessor of the finest and most complete collection of the works of James Maris.

Mr. Drucker, although still a young man, has, sympathetically assisted by his wife, for many years devoted himself to making a collection such as would show James Maris in every phase of his art and always in the most exalted way. He has not neglected other Dutch artists, and his pictures by Israels are notable; but James Maris has a specially powerful attraction for him, and the Drucker collection is famous amongst art lovers for the number, size and fine quality of its examples. Mr. Drucker has a number of fine pictures in London, and his dining-room is hung entirely with paintings by Israels. Besides these he has a splendid collection of similar pictures at present in the Rijk's Museum, Amsterdam. A whole salon is hung with modern Dutch pieces, which for a time are displayed in a side gallery on the ground floor, but the owner is not likely to be content or to arrange to hand them over (as

## INTRODUCTION

he is said to have hinted he would) to the Hollander nation unless the collection is put on a level with the older masters upstairs. Within the last few months Mr. Drucker has lent four representative works to the National Gallery in London, and it is fairly certain that if this generously-minded collector feels these pictures are properly appreciated they will ultimately become the property of the English nation.

Mr. Drucker is one of the very few Hollanders who have had abiding faith in the artists of his native country. Tempted by the great rise in money values, the owners of such pictures in the Netherlands have quietly but persistently sold until it is as difficult to obtain a good modern Dutch picture in Holland as it is to find one by Rembrandt and the old school of the Low Countries.

Twenty years or so ago the Dutch artists and those who acted for them in commercial matters resented severely the rise in value of their works in oil and in water-colour. They appeared to think that lovers of art in Britain and America were seized by a craze that would speedily pass. They feared that the prices might be increased in such a way as to discourage the demand, and that they would be left somehow without a market. This fear was as absurd as it was childish, for the value of the pictures and drawings of twenty years ago has doubled and doubled again in the markets of the world.

But this fear has left their country very bare of fine works by any of the Maris Brothers or of their friend and kindred artist Anton Mauve. At the present time it is rarely possible to find a really good example of these men in any auction sale in Amsterdam or The Hague.

The collection of Sir John Day, the famous judge, whose greatest achievements were at the Parnell Commissions, has recently been removed to a particularly well-arranged house near Newbury in Berkshire. In a dining-room having a subdued top light, the pictures of the Barbizon men and of the three Maris brothers are seen to the best advantage, and no serious student of these pictures is likely to find difficulty in obtaining permission to examine them. Encouraged by Lady Day, whose intelligent interest in her husband's famous collection is an additional attraction, Sir John Day has given THE STUDIO permission to reproduce such of the Maris pictures as seem desirable, and full advantage has been taken of the privilege, as may be seen by our illustrations.

Sir John Day's collection is the best in England of those brought together during the life-times of the painters, and his taste being of

## INTRODUCTION

the severest order the result is there is not one ordinary picture in the whole house.

The pictures are described later when treating generally of the works of the three brothers, but it is permissible to say here that the *Girl Feeding Chickens* by Matthew Maris (M. 13) and the *Amsterdam* by James Maris (J. 31) are examples of the very highest order, and they are, on the whole, two of the most representative works of the masters which exist.



## MODERN DUTCH PAINTING.



THE present School of the artists of Holland has unfolded itself during the last fifty years or so. Earlier than the fifties of last century the painters of the Low Countries were almost entirely of the anecdotic and semi-classic school, which, fortunately, has now nearly disappeared. These were men who, as artists, were draughtsmen first and colourists afterwards. Their works were carefully and almost always well drawn, but their subjects were feeble and the painting technically deplorable.

There is one theory in painting nearly certainly correct, but which no discussion can thoroughly settle, and this is that if an artist has to choose between what is termed accurate or academic drawing and painting with fine colour, he is more justified in sacrificing his drawing than in diminishing, by one hair's breadth, his ability to produce a work of good tone and colour. A picture, in short, may be loosely drawn and not very well composed, and yet be a fine work of art if the colour and tone are good. But a painting which has poor tone and colour, however cleverly and accurately drawn, has little chance of a long life of esteem.

I remember very well the several discussions I had on this point with Lord Leighton. This artist, the ideal President of the Royal Academy because of his gifts of speech and presence, could not understand the growing public appreciation of pictures not quite carefully arranged nor rigidly outlined. With the intuition of a man of genius, Lord Leighton was genuinely alarmed at what seemed to him to be likely to lead to a degradation of the Fine Arts. Yet, already, well within ten years of his death, all that seemed in Leighton's mind worth producing in a picture has been taken from the high pedestal on which he raised it, and tone and colour have occupied the place.

Leighton's own pictures are steadily decreasing in appreciation by the artistic public, and it is certain that it will only be by comparatively few pictures he painted in fine colour that he will be remembered. *The Garden of the Hesperides* and, perhaps, the *Daphnephoria* are about his best.

The modern school in Holland follows in the strongest way this

movement of tone and colour (a movement which, however, is only the legitimate successor to the Barbizon School carrying on the earlier traditions of Constable), and it has done this so successfully that no group of present-day painters occupies one-half so safe a position. As a national school, in fact, the modern Dutch artist reigns supreme.

The landscapes of Holland and the interiors of its cottages and churches form the staple subjects, and with their intimate knowledge of these the Dutch painters are successful in holding their audience throughout the whole artistic world. The chief leaders of this School in Holland are Josef Israels, Anton Mauve, the three Brothers Maris, Blommers, Bosboom, Neuhuys and Mesdag. There are probably fifty others, all more or less excellent artists, but none exhibit the strong individuality of those named. In order to obtain a correct understanding of the position of the Brothers Maris it is exceedingly useful to know something about these masters, who are, in fact, some of the greatest artists of contemporary fame.

Josef Israels is usually taken as the head of the present School in Holland, not only because he is one of the most competent of its masters, but also because of his untiring disposition to aid his artist fellow-countrymen and promote their interests in every way he can. Mr. H. W. Mesdag is Mr. Israels' first lieutenant in all such schemes, and there is nothing more beautiful than to witness the devotion with which these two—now old gentlemen—give to the promotion of exhibitions of contemporary work by their younger *confrères*, either in Holland itself or in other countries, when opportunity offers.

The Pulchri Studio is the great meeting-place of the artists of The Hague, and it is specially to be borne in mind that by far the greater number of painters of Holland live in that interesting and reposeful city. Amsterdam is the commercial capital, of course, but artistically, so far as modern art is concerned, it takes a much lower position than the city of the Vyver. The homes of every one of the artists named are at The Hague, and from thence they make all their excursions. There are, doubtless, painters of some pretensions living in Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and Rotterdam, but the present tendency is, as soon as a reputation is seen to be on the way, to take up residence in The Hague or its immediate neighbourhood.

For the stranger in Holland—as, indeed, I have heard the intelligent Dutch say also for themselves—it is a source of never-ending delight

to observe the truth of the modern Dutch artist, as revealed at almost every yard in the Netherlands, by noting the effects of the landscape and sky. From The Hague to Scheveningen on the coast, a couple of miles off, there are dozens of the subjects of these artists to be seen. Passing through the woods, one recognises an Israels' subject in a peasant lad and lass moving along. A little further on, when the wood is passed, one comes across a typical sand-dune landscape with a flock of sheep exactly as Anton Mauve depicted it. Nearer the sea we find a low-lying country with rolling clouds overhead, or at the sea side itself a Dutch lugger lying at anchor with moving water—both such as James Maris revelled in all his life.

At the sea side also we mark the curiously far-off-looking horizon of Scheveningen such as Mesdag never tires of painting, while a little farther on we may come to a windmill such as James Maris poured out all his strength to paint. Returning to the town, we can look at the canals and locks and red-tiled houses which have also helped to make James Maris' artistic reputation, while we pass by the meadow lands with pools and pleasant prospects dear to the more placid pencil of William Maris.

The interiors of the cottages are necessarily somewhat similar. The Maris brothers were never greatly attracted by them, but Israels, and his friend and follower (yet powerful artist on his own account) Blommers, have painted them under every possible condition: cottage Madonnas, breakfasts, dinners, feeding baby, and all the ages of motherhood and childhood are there. For years Israels had in his studio the interior of a peasant's cottage erected as a model, and his *Reveries*, *Weary Watchers*, and kindred subjects have come therefrom. None of these subjects, however, have had any serious attraction for Matthew Maris.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, who knows his Holland thoroughly, somewhat quaintly says that if one saw the back of a canvas carrying a picture by James Maris or Josef Israels, Anton Mauve, or, in fact, by any of the painters of Holland, a good guess could be given of the subject of the picture. The exception is Matthew Maris, as Mr. Lucas has justly discovered. It is perfectly impossible to be certain of anything produced by this remarkable artist. One day a figure, next day a head, another time a windmill landscape, and again a town or village. It is to Matthew Maris I have, in this publication, devoted most attention, for the living interest in his work is constantly increasing. Moreover, I know him personally best, and his pictures and drawings appeal most to myself. Less also is known of Matthew



Maris and his life than those of his brothers; many of his own countrymen are aware only of his name, and never think of him as one of their greatest artists. But to those who have the advantage of some knowledge of his works he is by far the most interesting artistic personality living in our time. Rodin, in a different way, similarly attracts, and he is another artist of the purest spirit of genius. Whistler was also of the same exalted atmosphere, however much he may have been to the personal dislike of the momentary leaders—or misleaders, as I contend—of art of between twenty and thirty years ago.

Kindred spirits to Matthew Maris in the past have been the gentle Corot and the exuberant Turner, the delicate Claude of France, the Vermeer of Delft, the Fra Angelico of Florence, the Memling of Bruges together with one or two other Primitives whose correct cognomens are scarcely known. Such men were the artistic predecessors of the painter who for many years has taken refuge in London, and whose genius, as revealed by his letters, still burns brightly enough to make his recent paucity of production forgiven. Nevertheless, his most earnest friends would gladly welcome his return to the easel, from whence has come the paintings and drawings which are now accepted as masterpieces of singular and stimulating genius.

J 1 JAMES MARIS



"THE CANAL." BY PERMISSION OF  
MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO., THE HAGUE







"THE FIVE WINDMILLS," BY PERMISSION OF  
MESSRS. THOS. AGNEW & SONS AND MESSRS. WALLIS & SON



J3 "GATEWAY AT HAARLEM"

BY

JAMES MARIS

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS  
AGNEW & SONS & MESSRS. WALLIS & SON















"THE YOUNG MOTHER." FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. C. J. DRUCKER, ESQ., IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. PHOTO. KLEINMANN





"DORDRECHT." FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BEATTIE, ESQ.





J6

"THE FISHERMAN"

BY

JAMES MARIS

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS.  
AGNEW & SONS & MESSRS. WALLIS & SON







Maris / 1899

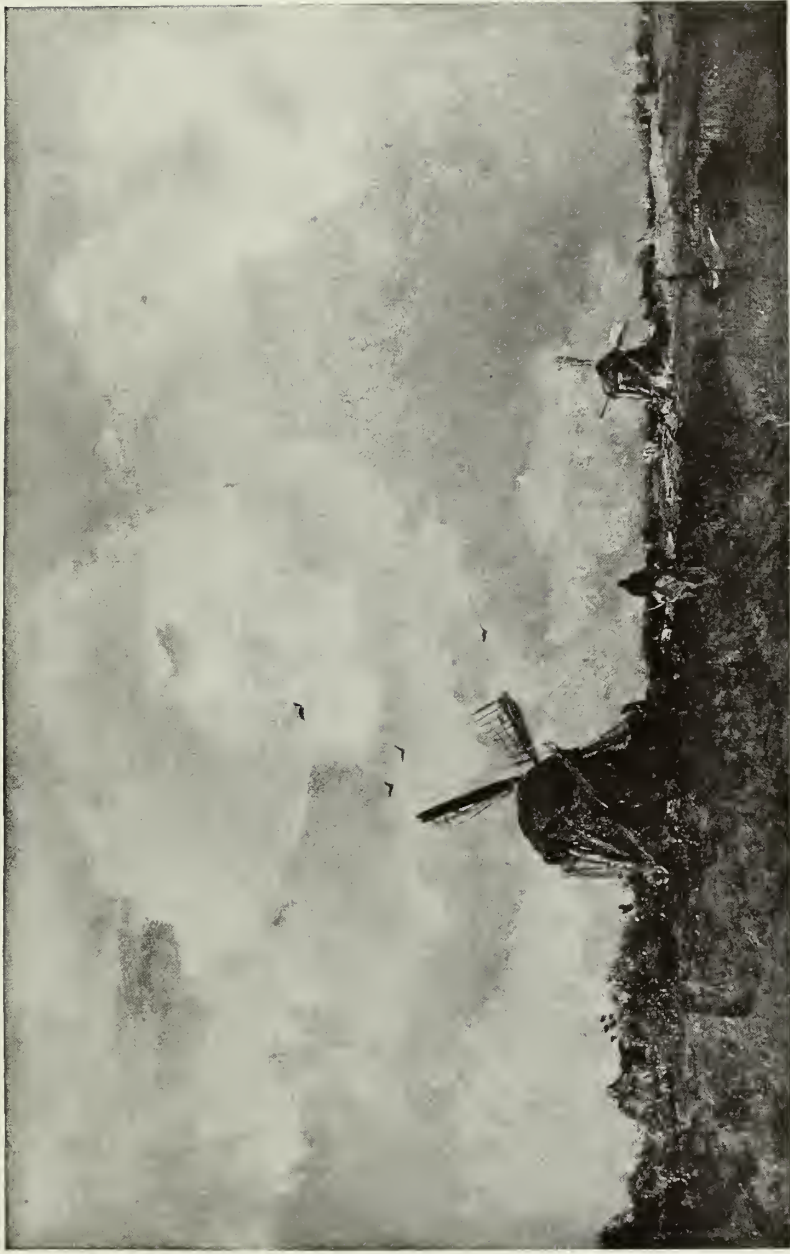






"VIEW OF A HARBOUR," IN THE RIJKS  
MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. PHOTO. KLEINMANN





"A STORMY DAY," FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY





J9 "ENTRANCE TO THE ZUIDER ZEE"

BY

JAMES MARIS

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS.  
AGNEW & SONS & MESSRS. WALLIS & SON

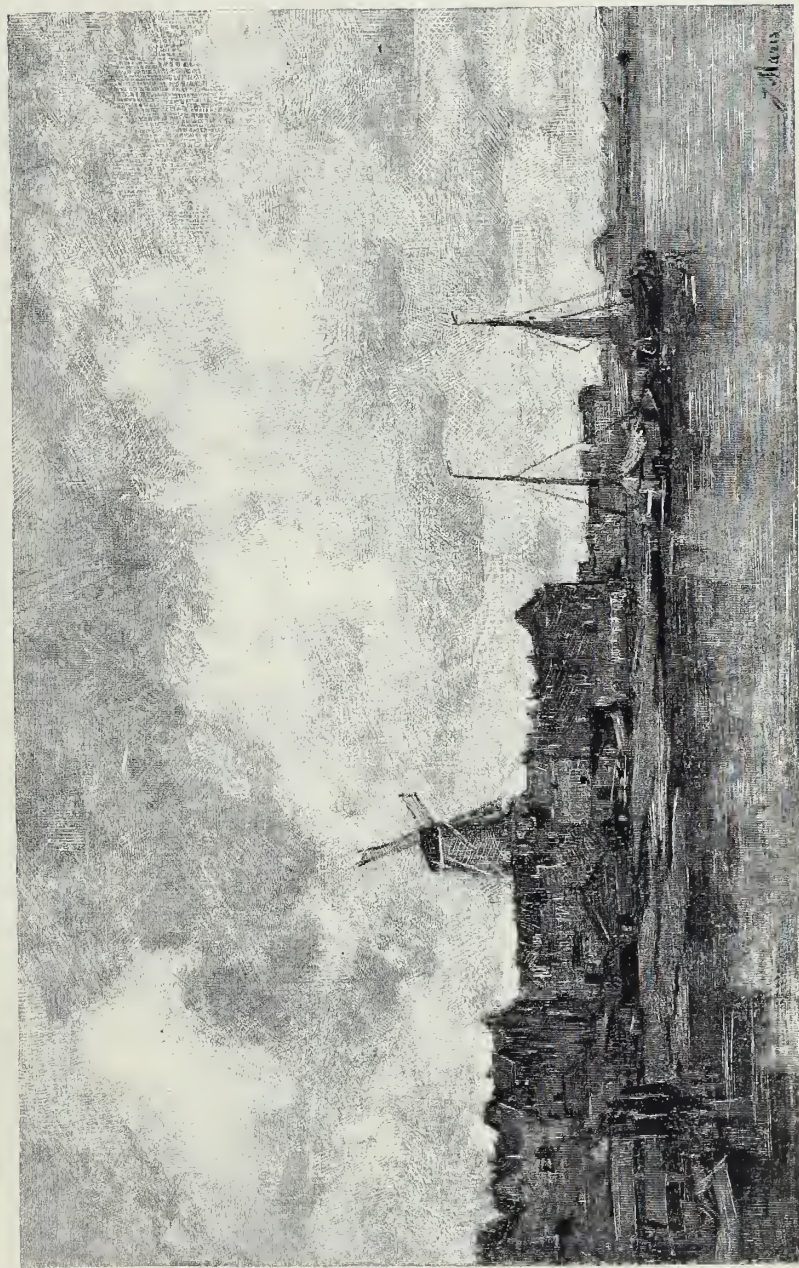












"VIEW OF A TOWN." BY PERMISSION  
OF MESSRS. F. MULLER & CO., AMSTERDAM





"PLOUGHING." FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY







"VIEW OF A TOWN." IN THE RIJKS  
MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. PHOTO. KLEINMANN





"RIVER SCENE," BY PERMISSION OF  
A. PREYER, ESQ., THE HAGUE. PHOTO. KLEINMANN





J14

"THE TOWPATH"

BY

JAMES MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF  
THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY













"AT THE WELL," FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY





"A DUTCH TOWN," FROM THE DONALD  
COLLECTION IN THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY









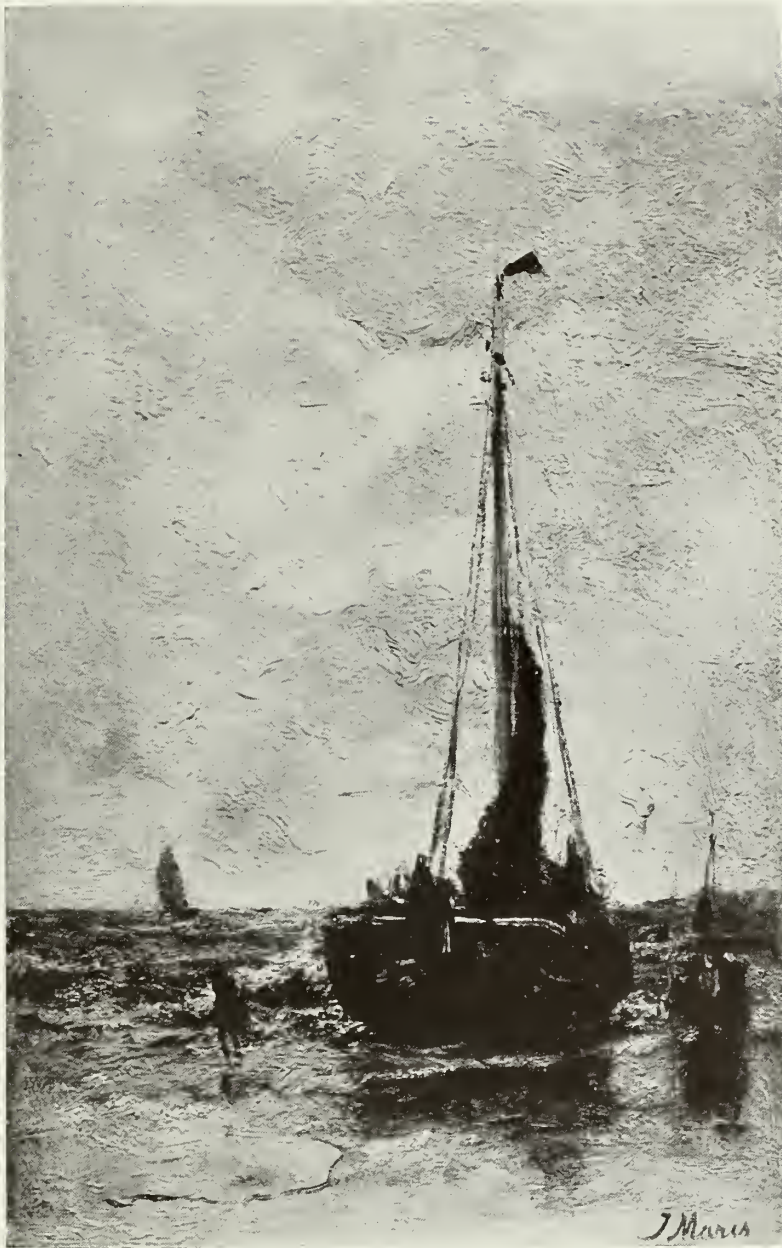




"GIRL SEWING." BY PERMIS-  
SION OF MESSRS. WALLIS & SON

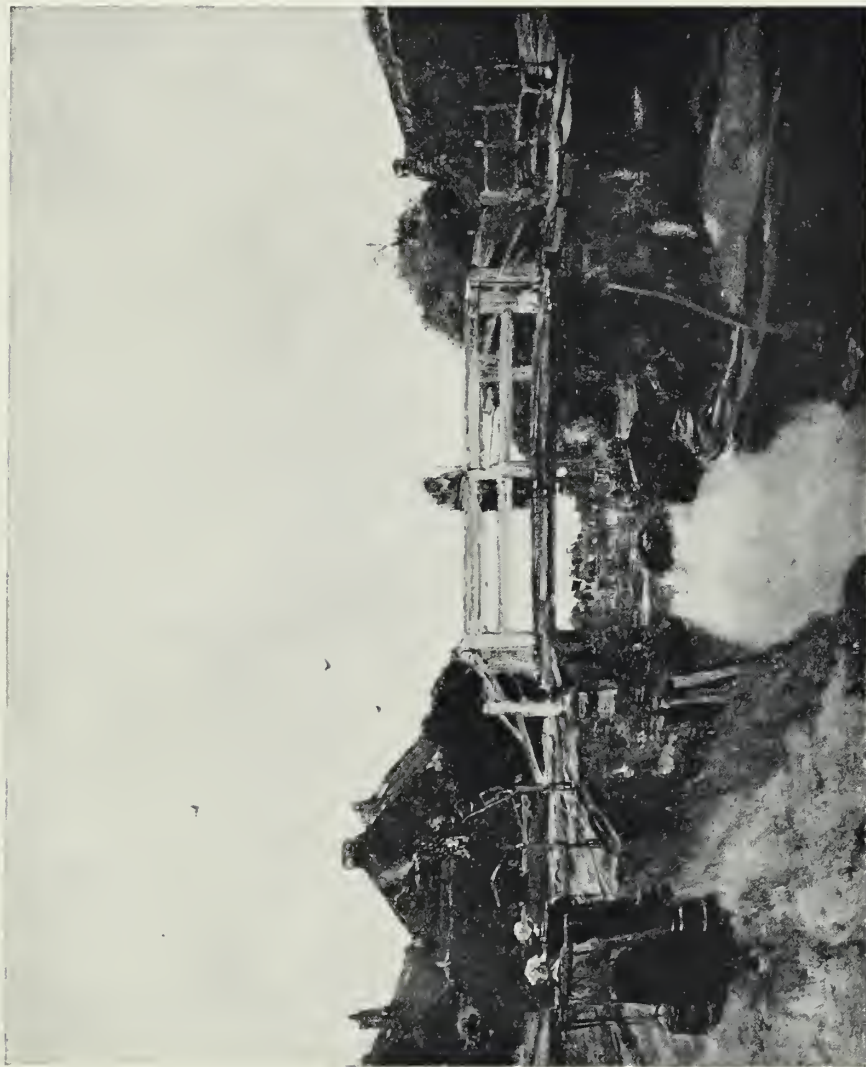






"A DUTCH LUGGER," FROM THE DONALD  
COLLECTION IN THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY





"THE BRIDGE," BY PERMIS-  
SION OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.







"GIRL ON SOFA," FROM THE DONALD  
COLLECTION IN THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY





"THE FERRY BOAT." IN THE MUNICIPAL  
MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. PHOTO. KLEINMANN







"GATHERING SHELLS." FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. C. J. DRUCKER, ESQ., IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. PHOTO. KLEINMANN



J24

"RIVER SCENE"

BY

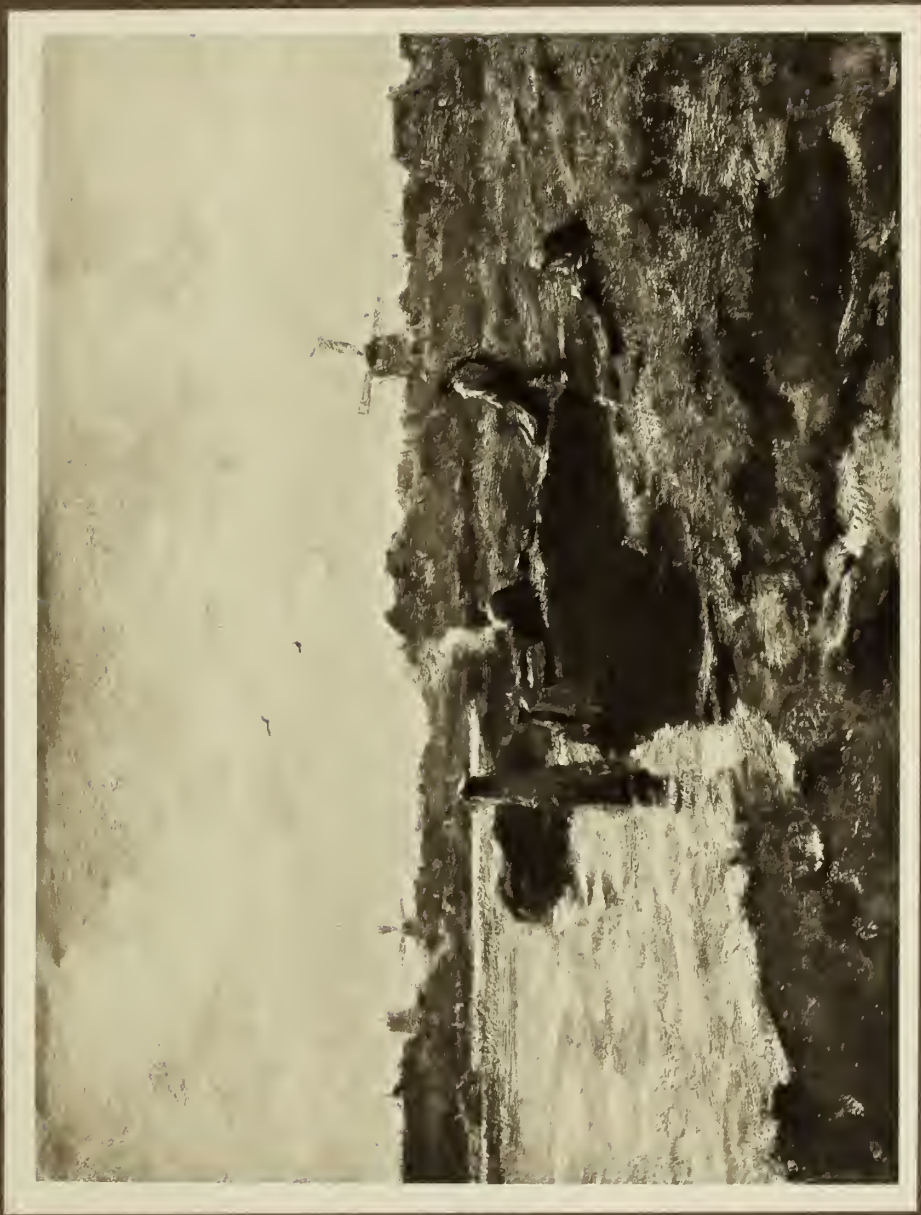
JAMES MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ARTHUR KAY, Esq.













"THE PEACOCK FEATHER"







"A CLOUDY DAY." FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. CARFRAE ALSTON, ESQ.

















"THE SHEPHERDESS." BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS.  
THOS. AGNEW & SONS AND MESSRS. WALLIS & SON







"THE WHARF," BY PERMISSION OF  
MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO., THE HAGUE





"NEAR ROTTERDAM." FROM THE  
COLLECTION OF C. D. REICH, ESQ., JUN.





"AMSTERDAM." FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY





## FAMILY HISTORY



THE family history of the Maris Brothers is interesting in several ways, although there does not seem to be a great deal to relate. It appears, however—and this is a point of special interest—that the grandfather of the painters was a Bohemian soldier, who came from Prague at the time of the Napoleonic unrest early in the nineteenth century. This conscript is said to have been named Maresch, and he knocked about over half Europe until his passport became so obliterated, that he himself forgot how to spell his family name. He ultimately settled in the Hague, and called himself sometimes Marris and sometimes Maris. He married a Dutch woman and brought up a family.

The Bohemian warrior's son became a printer in the Hague, and he usually called himself Maris, yet, occasionally, like his father, Marris. Maris, however, became the accepted form, and in our account of the painters' careers the usual spelling has been adopted. It may be added, because of the uncertainty of the English pronunciation of foreign names, that the name Maris rhymes very nearly with the English rendering of Paris—the first vowel, however, a little longer, and the final letter clearly expressed.

The printer Maris had a severe struggle all his life, and he worked very hard to bring up his family of five children, three boys, Jacob, Matthys and Willem—to adopt for once the Dutch spelling of the names—and two daughters. The daughters both lived to become mothers of families, but are now dead—a terrible inward complaint carrying both to the grave.

James was born in 1837, Matthew in 1839, and William in 1843. All were born in the Hague. The two younger brothers still survive—Matthew is living in London and William at the political capital of Holland. James died in 1899 at the Hague.

The father of the artists suffered so much in his struggle for life—once he worked for three whole days and nights at printing a Bible which was being pushed rapidly forward to send out to Java—that he resolved to give his children a better career if at all possible.

When the boys were quite youngsters, he gave them pencil and paper and urged them to draw. It appears that when James was little

more than twelve years old he was a pupil at the Art School of the Hague (*Haagsche Teekenacademie*), and three years later was an accepted pupil of a certain fairly well-known artist, H. van Hove, with whom he went to Antwerp in 1853.

Matthew had similar training, and one of his early recollections is of his father giving him pencils and paper in the same way. But the second brother never had the same notions as his elder, and it was a hard task to keep him to his models. He went with James to Antwerp for a considerable time, and although he never accepted the same ideals, he had to be beholden to him for a daily living.

Such, in a general way, is the outline of several long conversations I have had this year with Mr. Maris in his London house, about his early days. But in showing this story to him in typewriting, he has told me that perhaps, after all, some of his early stories have as much fancy as fact in them, for he is not absolutely certain that his grandfather ever was a soldier, although it is very likely he was! Mr. Maris adds a story, however, about which he says "no fancy in this." When a child he appropriated some pieces of gold belonging to his grandfather and employed them to purchase sweets—"for my own comfort sake," as he rendered it. The misdeed was soon discovered, the child was found out and severely punished. The grandfather was a pensioner, in any case, and he died in a home for old people at the Hague.

Mr. Maris' father, the son of the pensioner, was also, like every man in the country, a conscript in the army, and he fought on the Dutch side at the time of the separation from Belgium. Once, Mr. Matthew Maris relates, his father was in an engagement between the armies, and they were firing through the mist at an enemy they could not see. Every now and then a comrade was hit, and dropped out. "What crime have these comrades committed that they should be slain?" cried the conscript, and he got into a temper and could not help saying: "They ought to hang these murderers in office."

In 1860 James and Matthew travelled in Germany and Switzerland, but I have never seen any of the productions of these early days. There is one study of still life by Matthew in the possession Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh—the lifelong champion and friend of the second brother—which was painted in 1852, but its interest lies almost solely in this fact. The early studies in the Mesdag Museum at the Hague are also interesting in this connection.

James and Matthew lived together, although it became evident their

## FAMILY HISTORY

artistic careers would run in different directions, and when the Franco-German war began they were in Paris, where James had been for several years. James had been for a short time a pupil of Hebert—himself a pupil of David and Delaroche, and a winner of the Prix de Rome in 1839—but the painter of the *Malaria* (so long in the Luxembourg) had no powerful influence over this particular pupil. In 1870 the second brother from Holland was enrolled in the Municipal Guard of Paris and found he was to be called out for duty. Thankful was he, for a certain all-sufficient reason which the dullest imagination can readily comprehend. In the time of siege no one wanted to buy pictures, so he was happy to be fed and clothed and to have a claim to the thirty sous a day paid to the soldiers.

The post of Matthew Maris was on the Parisian fortifications opposite Asnières and just under Mont Valèrien. The nights were frightfully cold, and amongst other wraps the sentries were permitted in the bitterest of the weather to wear even whole sheepskins, which were tied around them.

One night, Matthew relates, he was walking up and down when he heard a movement, and at once called "Halte ; Qui vive ?" and a small group of horsemen of the French army were brought to a standstill by his call. An officer came forward and rather blamed our artist for not shouting more loudly, and Matthew was glad to get off with a scolding, as he thought for a moment it was the enemy. Another time he heard shots in the distance, and gave the alarm, but he never came to close quarters with the Germans, or was an actual witness of any of them falling. On another very cold and bleak night, presumably when the sheepskins were not available, Matthew Maris relates that he secured a monk's coat with a hood, which he donned to keep out the dreadful cold. He put his gun under his arm and his hands deep in the wide sleeves. He noticed a piece of wood amongst the puddles, and he found it large enough to stand upon and, at least, keep his feet out of the water. He goes on to say that he was feeling comparatively comfortable when some noise occurred very near, and far below where he was standing sentry. He called out and received for answer "Artillerie !" "Tant mieux," he said, and was glad it was nothing else, for the cold had so numbed his fingers that to save his life he could not have fired his rifle. "Besides"—and I now quote the artist's own words—"I never put a bullet in my gun, but only pretended" to do so !



It must have been a queer life for the gentle artist, with his small body and not over-strong limbs. A pen-and-ink sketch exists of Matthew Maris in his regimentals, with haversack, infantry cap and long rifle. As his normal height is under even the smallest number of inches given to the great Napoleon, his appearance with sheepskin around him in the snow must have been a sight to make the gods smile. To this day the artist delights in telling of his experiences at this time. But he will say little about his later stern refusal to help to fight the Communists. As he says, he was quite glad to oppose the Germans, as his natural enemies, but he would not wound a Frenchman however misguided.

James, with his wife and children in the besieged city, must have suffered severely in the general confusion. It appears to be out of this time that the artist, as we now know him, began to paint in his characteristic manner. The pictures of 1870 and later of James Maris, though mostly small, show an appreciation of tone indicating how the mind of the artist was awaking. Colour he did not strive after, as in his later years, but in the general arrangement of composition, the tones of sky and landscape, can be observed the first indications of the success of the painter of *The Windmill*, *The Bridge*, and a dozen other masterpieces.

James Maris and his family returned to The Hague in 1871, glad no doubt to be back in the land of peace and prosperity after their semi-starvation in the beleaguered city. But it was not for twenty years thereafter that his countrymen believed in him as a great painter. The old puzzle of no honour in one's own country was set to him in the most emphatic way, and it was to Dutchmen living out of their own country, and to Scotsmen, that he owed his first appreciation.

In 1871 one of the young assistants of the house of Goupil & Co. was a certain Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh, who had come from Holland to be taught the business of dealing in pictures.

I did not know the house of Goupil in Paris until ten years later, but the interior arrangements of the establishment were similar until about 1890. The Goupil house was established in the Boulevard Montmartre where Matthew Maris often went. But the large *magasin* was in Rue Chaptal to the north of the city, and it was from this latter that all the famous publications emanated; the engravings of Gérôme and his school, Delaroche, and many another familiar to the era of Napoleon III. The whole influence of these anecdotic painters has happily vanished, and only from the then



## FAMILY HISTORY

half-despised works exhibited in the small shop on the Boulevard Montmartre has the greatness of the house of Goupil survived.

In "The Boulevard" as the little place near the Café Richelieu was always called, the pictures of Corot, Millet, and the men of Barbizon were offered for sale, and also the productions of Israels, the Maris brothers and Mauve from the branch then recently founded in the Hague. The members of the large establishment in the Rue Chaptal, even in my time, spoke with a certain scorn of the wayward artists patronised by the Boulevard, and it is on record that the head of the house characterised the pictures there retailed as "rubbish."

But time revenges every artistic iniquity, and the commercial daring of the shop in the city, so often sneered at, was the mouse which saved the lion of the Rue Chaptal, and from 1885 onwards the Gérômes and the anecdotes were steadily overtaken by the despised Corots, Rousseaus, Marises and Mauves, until in the present day the artists of "The Boulevard" reign supreme.

But twenty years is a long time to wait, and many a weary week did the men in the Montmartre spend while watching for the turn in the taste of the public.

It was in conditions like these that Matthew Maris began his business relations with Mr. Van Wisselingh, relations, the real truth concerning which cannot fairly be divulged during this generation, though some day the story will be told and the picture dealer will receive his proper praise.

James Maris also was always honoured in the Boulevard, and although he went back to the Hague soon after the close of the war, his relations with the Goupils continued until his death, greatly fostered by the courageous manager of the branch house in Holland, Mr. H. G. Tersteeg.

From this time onwards the story of the life of James Maris is the experience of every successful artist who has found his *métier* and reached his market. Under the farseeing guidance of Mr. Tersteeg, James Maris had little further anxiety even in the rearing and educating of his numerous family. Mr. Tersteeg interested the famous collector (half Dutch, half Scottish), James Staats Forbes, in the Maris pictures, and many of the finest canvases coming from his brush were, in the first place, purchased by Mr. Forbes.

I very well remember the great picture, probably the most powerful work James Maris ever painted, *The Bridge* (J. 20)—now in the gallery of Mr. H. C. Frick in New York—and Mr. Forbes'

quick appreciation of it. This was in 1885, when the paint was scarcely dry ; but the story comes in more naturally when dealing with the picture itself.

Mr. Alexander Young was another great lover of James Maris, and he never lost a single opportunity of securing the many first-rate pictures that rapidly emanated from the artist's *atelier*. Sir John Day, Mr. Charles Roberts of Leeds, and several collectors in Scotland, Mr. Thorburn of Peebles, Mr. Andrew Maxwell, and Mr. John G. Ure of Helensburgh, and others were steadfast admirers of the painter and purchasers of his works.

It was in 1899 that the end came for James Maris at The Hague, where he died and is buried, a simple monument, set up by the affection and admiration of his numerous friends, gracing his tomb. But while the path of James Maris was made comparatively smooth by successful toil, his brother Matthew was going his own lonesome way. With the notable exceptions of Sir John Day and Mr. Andrew Maxwell, none of the greater collectors of Dutch modern pictures seemed to care to add the works of Matthew Maris to their treasures. Mr. Alexander Young did not possess any, and Mr. Forbes made no effort to acquire canvases of real importance. In this respect, and in another, Mr. Forbes' vision seemed to be curiously limited, for neither Whistler nor Matthew Maris were ever really admired by him. His collection at different times included works by both, but never for very long.

So it came about that Matthew Maris was much left to his own devices. Soon after the Franco-German war the decorative artist, Daniel Cottier, required a designer for his marvellous stained-glass windows. He was a sincere admirer of Matthew Maris, and he engaged him to come to London and work for him. Thus began a connection which lasted for many years. Then, after a time, Matthew Maris occupied a house in St. John's Wood Terrace, and it was there, in 1890, I first saw the artist. Poor enough, indeed, it seemed, and not in any way luxurious, but it was the home to the liking of the painter, and it was, doubtless, within his power to change it if he had so desired.

Now, in the year 1907, Matthew Maris is installed in a really comfortable room in the neighbourhood immediately to the west of St. John's Wood, and it is from there he dates the letter which follows. I wrote to his old address, telling him of my project to write this account of himself and his brothers, and asking his consent to reproduce some of his works. The letter given here conveys some

## FAMILY HISTORY

idea of the way he welcomed me after the long interval between 1892, when I last saw him, and the present year :—

"I felt glad with your letter, which was sent on to me from my old place, from where I had to move out, my little housemother got too rheumatical to climb the steps up and down, so she sold her little 'hoosie,' and there was I. I didn't know a place to go to, until Mrs. Wisselingh and Mrs. Lessore found me this. I liked the room the moment I saw it, so here I am set up as a swell. . . . Don't you take this to be a trap set up for the unwary, you know you're always touching a sore spot when you talk painting, and drag my suicides before the public, the right name for potboilers, one has to give up all aim for any good intention, and do the technical skill and cleverness to please those with halfpennies and farthings in their pocket, to be favoured to live.

I recollect Swan going to [a certain gallery] with a painting of his. 'Well,' said [the proprietor], 'this may be a very fine and a very nice, but I cannot sell this sort of thing.' 'What have I to do?' 'Well, you make a little subject. An old man, for instance, lighting his pipe in his hat,' you see.

I had to do the same sort of thing; for no use trying to do anything one is never sure to succeed. I just got a letter from somebody, saying: but with potboiling one can make money, money always considered to be the principal. I told him he was greatly mistaken, when a little honesty remains, one can scarcely ask anything for them.

I recollect after the war in '71 there were some debts to pay of course: what had I to do? I said to Wisselingh who was with Goupil, 'tell them that I'll take them back later on.' I've never been able to do so, for one Van Gogh, his partner, gave me 200 francs, someone bought it for 350, and sold it in America for £700. He had asked Wisselingh how long it had taken me to do it; he said a week, so I was the chap for him; no wonder he was always talking making fortune, fancy £100 per day, make some more or this sort: do it only for a year. So I had to commit suicides upon suicides: what did it matter to him or anyone else? Someone said once to me: 'You must have somebody fool enough to say, here is money for you, and go your own way': that is the very thing one may not do.

There is always someone telling you how to set about, and then come the schools telling you that it is not allowed to be one's self, but that one has to be a Roman or Greek, or imitate what they have performed. My first lesson in painting was: 'What does it matter to you if you sell them turnips for lemons? Money is the principal.' So all through life I've heard the same. What a fool you are; you can make as much money as you like. Money always first. As Carlyle says: 'If you want to make sudden fortunes in it, and achieve the temporary hallelujah of flunkies for yourself, renouncing the perennial esteem of wise men: if you can believe that the chief end of man is to collect about him a bigger heap of gold than ever before, in a shorter time than ever before, you will find it a most handy and everyway futhersome, blessed and felicitous world.' But for any other human aim, I think you will not find it futhersome, if you in any way ask practically—How a noble life is to be led in it? You will be luckier than Sterling or I if you get any credible answer, or find any *made* road whatever. Alas, it is even so, your heart's question, if it be of that sort, most things and persons will answer with a—'Nonsense.' Noble life is in Drury Lane, and wears yellow boots, you fool, compose yourself to your pudding.

I'll be very glad to see you any time you care to come round.

Sincerely yours,

M. MARIS."

This sprightliness no doubt arises from the kindness shown to

B M xvii

him by his real friends, Mr. and Mrs. van Wisselingh, who, if they only could persuade him to produce in paint his exquisite ideas, would render still further the world of Art their debtors.

An ounce of personal knowledge being worth a ton of second-hand experience, I think it worth while to relate another personal incident which took place between Mr. Matthew Maris and myself so long ago as 1890, nearly seventeen years before the present time of writing.

I published my quarto book on the Barbizon School of Painters in that year, a work which had occupied my leisure time for three years and a half previously. At that period I was a fairly constant visitor to the studio of Mr. J. M. Swan, whom, from the first, I am proud to have been able justly to appreciate. I had often spoken of my book and on its publication I was delighted to receive from Mr. Swan one of his brilliant drawings of a Lion in exchange for a copy.

This volume lay about Mr. Swan's studio for some time, and Mr. Matthew Maris, being then a welcome visitor, noticed it and expressed some interest in its contents. I had only once spoken with Mr. Maris, but I knew his wonderful gift in painting, and I was much gratified by what Mr. Swan told me. I had written the book from the artistic, and not from the literary point of view. I had not hesitated to sacrifice the nice turning of a sentence if I was to arrive nearer the truth, and readers of much art-criticism of to-day will understand what that means. Therefore, to be commended by so unique a spirit as Mr. Matthew Maris was exceedingly pleasant, especially after having just sustained some unfriendly comments by a literary man who considered I was too seriously poaching on his preserves.

So, after consultation with my much better known friend Mr. Swan, I resolved to send a copy with a brief note to Mr. Maris and ask his acceptance of it, and this was duly carried out. A certain time passed—about a month—and I began to wonder what effect my offering had had, when, on September 9th, 1890, I received a letter and a gift.

Mr. Maris had taken the trouble to paint a head and send it to me—the one reproduced in colour herein (M. 22), under the title *Siska*—a canvas measuring fifteen by twelve inches, painted in oil, and one of his most characteristic later works. The letter accompanying the gift is one of the treasures of my life, because the artist says of my book: "I like it because it is generously written and will do some good," and he concludes as in the following facsimile:—



## FAMILY HISTORY

*Now I am not going to  
pay you for it. it would  
look like insulting you.  
I made a little sketch  
for you, but not as pay-  
ement. it is not much.  
I painted it at night.  
expecting to go on with  
it next day. but it was  
already dry. Thus you'll  
have to take it like it is.  
as mutual understanding  
with compliments  
yours  
M Maris.*

Within a month I had a second letter from Mr. Maris in reply to one from me acknowledging receipt of the picture, which, in view of the mention of another painter, Whistler (with whom, at the same time, I was in friendly relations), is unusually interesting. The letter is :—

“Just at the time I got your letter Mr. Angus sent me the *Scotsman*. You say some critics have thought it fair to make it the basis of a personal attack, and it is very critic-like. Critic means knife, means dissection, means wisdom, means perfection. Art is stupid, art-less. That is a hard job for the critic to understand.

I like your book because it is ‘stupid,’ like Japanese; which means done for the love of it in itself; not for gain or success. You don’t go to criticise a Japanese drawing and say it is out of shape, out of drawing, no perspective nor anatomy. This is only for the critic to show his knowledge by killing the things; those stupid fellows do harm, like Whistler says, with their learnings. They must have schools and applications of knowledge. Thackeray calls them scavengers—scavengers are at least necessary, those fellows are for no good.”

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

M. MARIS.

These simple communications, penned with all the artlessness of youth, reveal something of the childlike nature of the man. Written in fairly easy English, they recall the fact that he is the



only one of the three brothers who could write our language even so well.

It is interesting to add that Matthew Maris was in early years noticed by the Secretary to the late Queen of Holland, and Her Majesty was induced to provide the young painter an allowance in order that he might study at Antwerp. Here he worked under Nicaise de Keyser, sharing lodgings with his brother James and with Alma Tadema. Matthew Maris was said to be most influenced by Rethel and Kaulbach, but I cannot myself find much of this influence in the many works I have seen.

Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema's connection with the two elder brothers Maris lasted for nearly a twelvemonth. This was in 1855, when the present eminent Academician was also a student at the Antwerp Academy. The two brothers, sent, it is stated, by their prudent father to live together on the allowance granted by the Queen to Matthew, made a friendly arrangement with Alma Tadema, who was already established in what he had found to be unnecessarily roomy apartments. They agreed to take all their meals together, while, of course, most of their studies were undertaken with the other students in the Antwerp Academy.

It was a notable combination, these three young and clever artists living so frugally under the same roof. Their experiences are sufficient to inspire every earnest art student throughout the world. With little interest in high places more than their talents brought them, each of these youths has achieved a renown likely to endure so long as the annals of artists are read. The careers of James and Matthew Maris are set forth in these pages, and their early comrade holds the diplomas of every important Academy in Europe, and, what he probably prizes even more, he is one of the very select band who form the jealously-guarded Order of Merit.

The personal history of the youngest brother William is remarkable for its placidity, from the opening up to the full fruition of to-day, rather than for any striking incidents such as occur in the lives of the elder brothers.

Born six years after James and four years after Matthew, that is, in 1843, William was very early initiated into the methods of drawing and painting, and from his earliest childhood was accustomed to know what it meant to recognise artistic qualities in surrounding scenes. Even before William was twelve years old he was encouraged by his two artist brothers to spend his leisure time in sketching. Early in the morning, before school hours, he would start out to

## FAMILY HISTORY

draw the cattle in the meadows, for even from his earliest years William revealed the characteristic which was to dominate his future artistic life. The artist, now known for the delicate tenderness of the tones and colours he introduces into meadowland subjects, began by instinct to paint what he liked best, for in the artistic world, as also in most walks of life, what a man likes best he can usually carry out most successfully.

After school the little boy of less than a dozen years went out again to sketch—and that he was little, is supported by the fact that manhood did not bring him inches in height any more than Matthew, although he is more robust and sturdy in his figure.

William Maris was nearly twenty-one when he first publicly exhibited any of his pictures, and it was at The Hague, about 1864, that he sought the patronage of the public in this way. Two years later he made his first excursion out of Holland and went up the Rhine—a wonderful voyage amongst mountains breathing song and story, along a fairly fast-flowing river—a striking contrast to the sluggish waters of Holland and the somewhat prosaic flat meadows of his fatherland.

In 1876 William made a further excursion, this time to the winding fiords and mountain crags of Norway, but somehow these foreign lands had little artistic charm for him, and he never painted any of their scenery.

That the artistic reputation of William Maris has not reached the height of either of his brothers can be accounted for in several ways. In the first place William Maris, as the youngest of the trio, has not been so long before the artistic world, and, therefore, has not had so long a time in which to reach the altitude of his brothers. That this means much to a reputation in the arts is the common experience of artists. Painters whose greatest quality is subtlety of tone are never understood for many years after the production of their best work. It has been the same in the career of James Maris and of Matthew: little wonder, therefore, if it also is the experience of the youngest of the three painters.

Another reason for the smaller reputation of William is that his aims are not so exalted as either of his compeers, and if he aims less high it may be certain his best achievement does not rise so far. The general character of his pictures, both in oil and water-colour, is less masculine in quality than are the achievements of his elders. He prefers rather to dally with the meeker varieties of green landscape, trees, grass, rushes, than to fight with the powerful tones of the

horses hauling a canal boat, or ploughing a heavy field, or the bold mass of a great windmill strong and mighty against a cloudy sky. Again, the very fact that he is third of the name in the same generation militates against his personal success in the highest walks of his art. Had he been of another family stock it is not at all improbable that, like Anton Mauve, he would have obtained more easily a reputation of the highest class.

All this, however, is not to be taken to mean that William Maris, as an artist, is in every way inferior to his brothers. Many there are, in Holland chiefly, but also a few in Britain and America, who consider William Maris in most essentials an artist of equal merit to James and Matthew. Although I do not myself care to enter this category, I recognise fully and frankly the exquisite quality of his work, the wonderful grey-green tones of which he is fond, and the general masterfulness of his creations.

Before leaving Mr. William Maris, I would like to say that the personal charm of the artist is great. It is sweet to see him, as I did in September, 1906, amidst his children and friends, loving and being loved by them all ; one of the most courteous of gentlemen, aware no doubt of his own importance in the world, but too sensitive and modest to assert himself unduly.

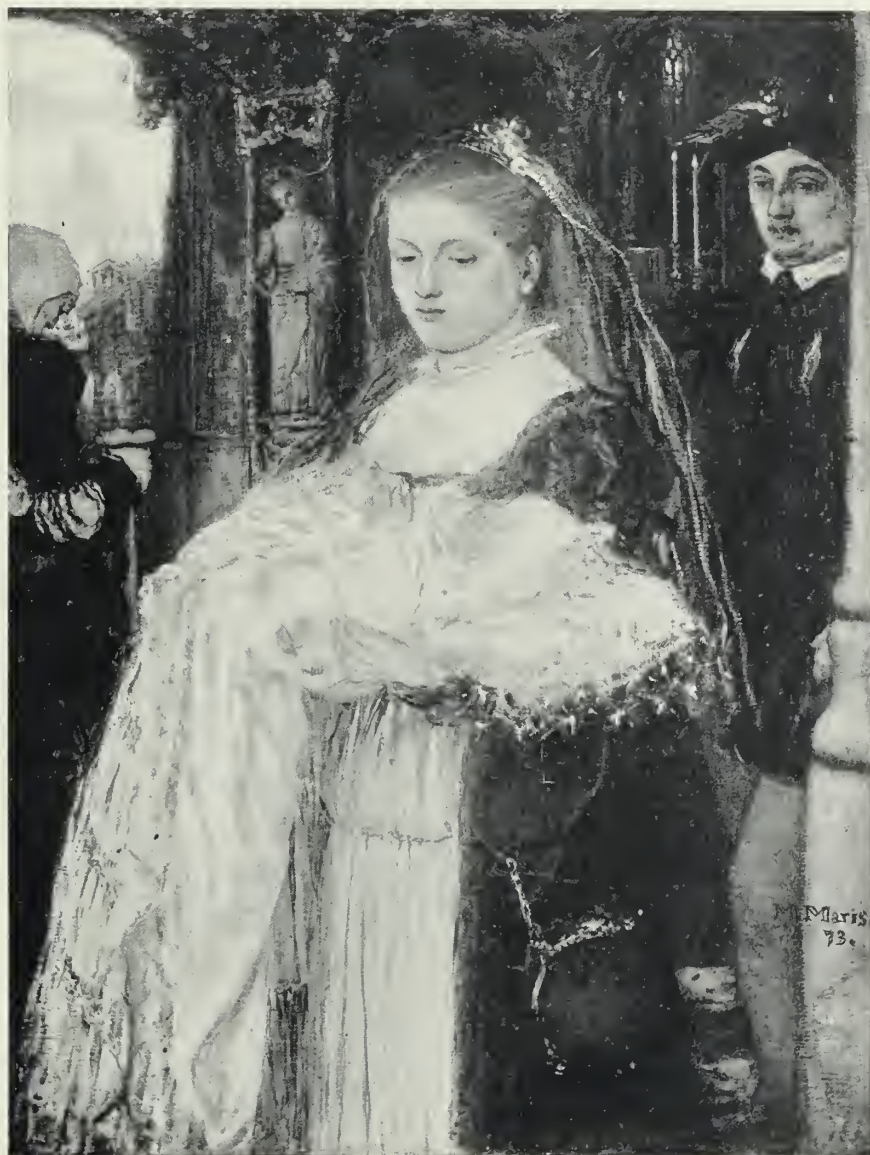
I conclude this portion by giving a facsimile of the last paragraph of a letter the artist wrote to me in March 1907. The language is that of his native land—Holland, the only tongue he properly knows, and he expresses a hope that the answer to an enquiry I addressed to him will be sufficient for my requirement.

*Wopert. M. van  
dise opgeven voldoen  
de best hebben.*

*Steff. it met de  
meest. Wopert. M.  
M. D.*

*William Maris.*





"THE CHRISTENING." FROM THE  
COLLECTION OF E. B. GREENSHIELDS, ESQ.







"THE CASTLE," FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES CRATHERN, ESQ.





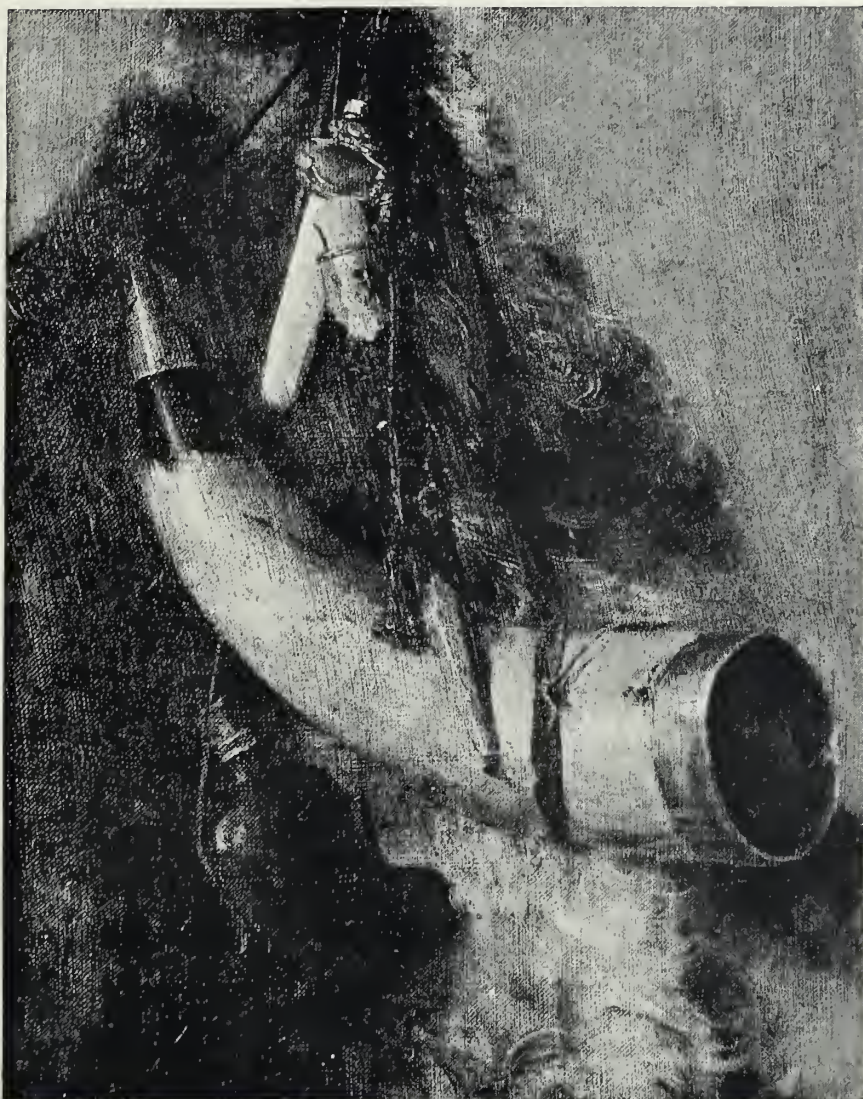












AN EARLY STUDY. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MADAME E. J. VAN WISSELINGH





"THE BUTTERFLIES," FROM THE  
COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BURRELL, ESQ.





M6

"THE SHEPHERDESS"

BY

MATTHEW MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE  
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND







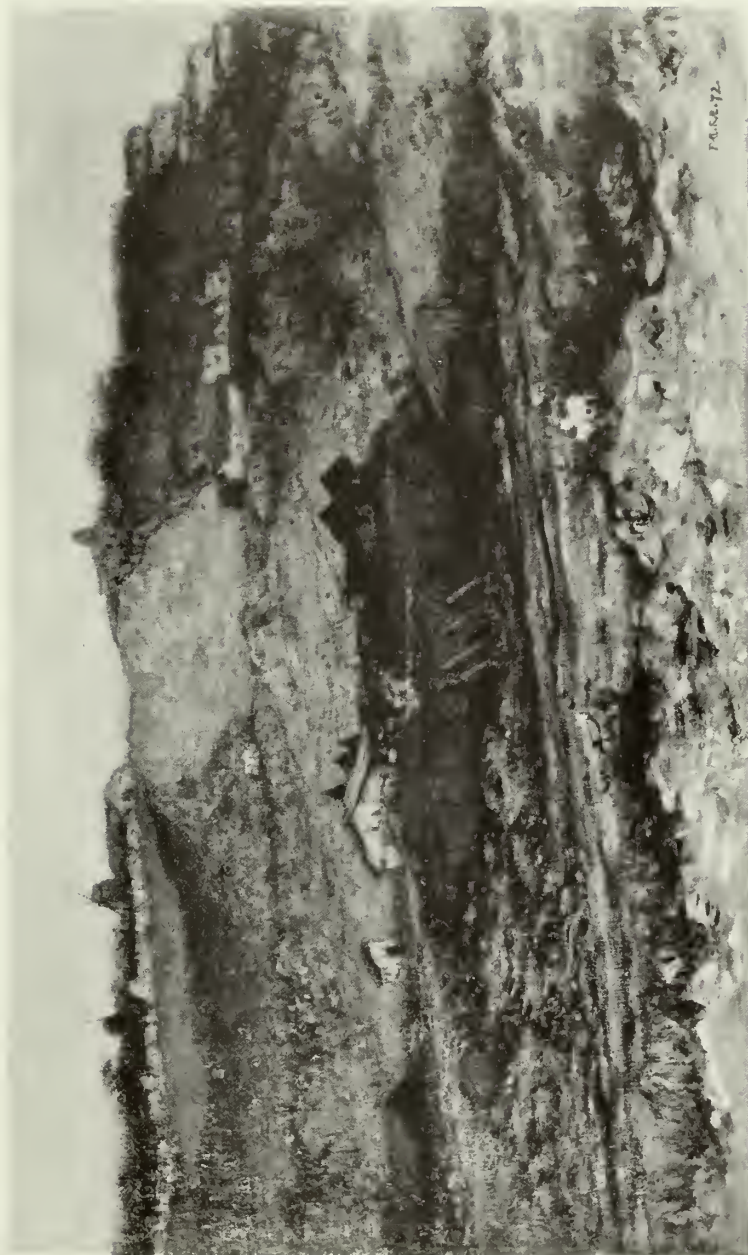






"THE FLOWER." FROM THE  
COLLECTION OF R. B. ANGUS, ESQ.

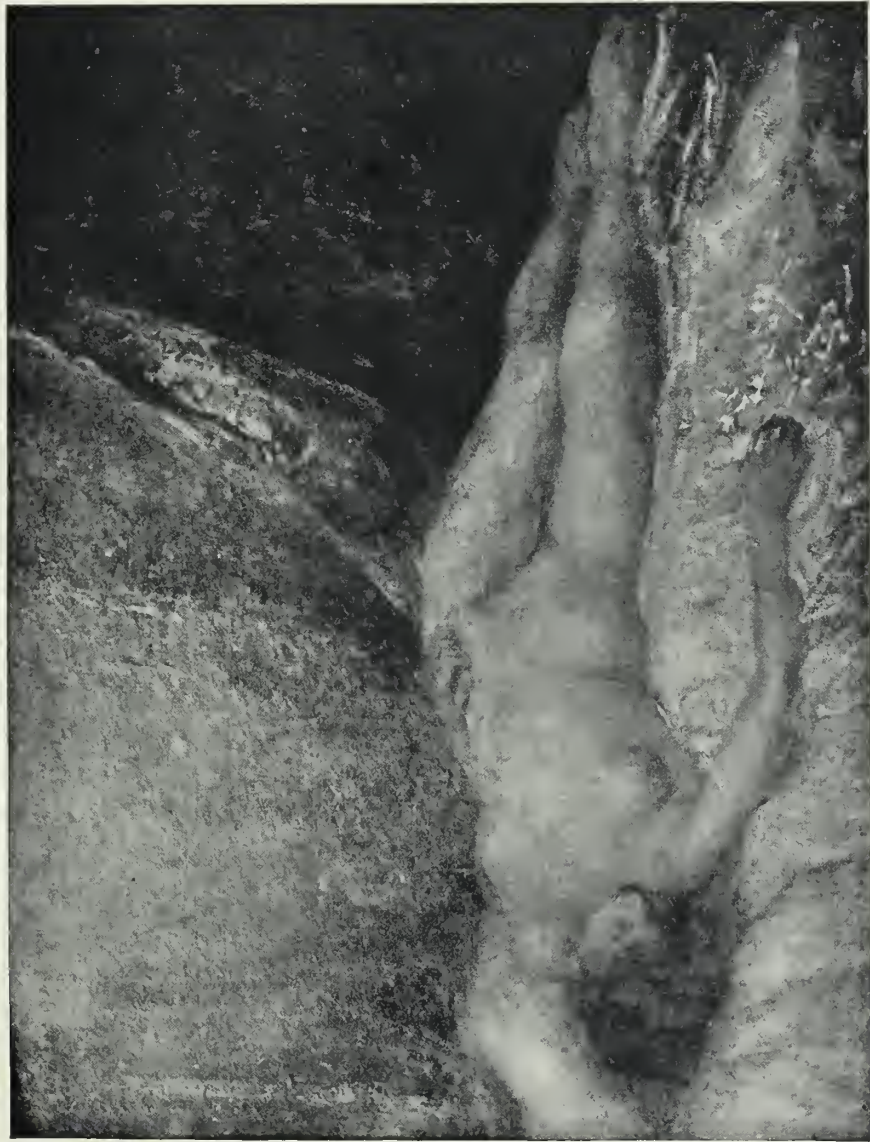




"MONTMARTRE." FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BURRELL, ESQ.

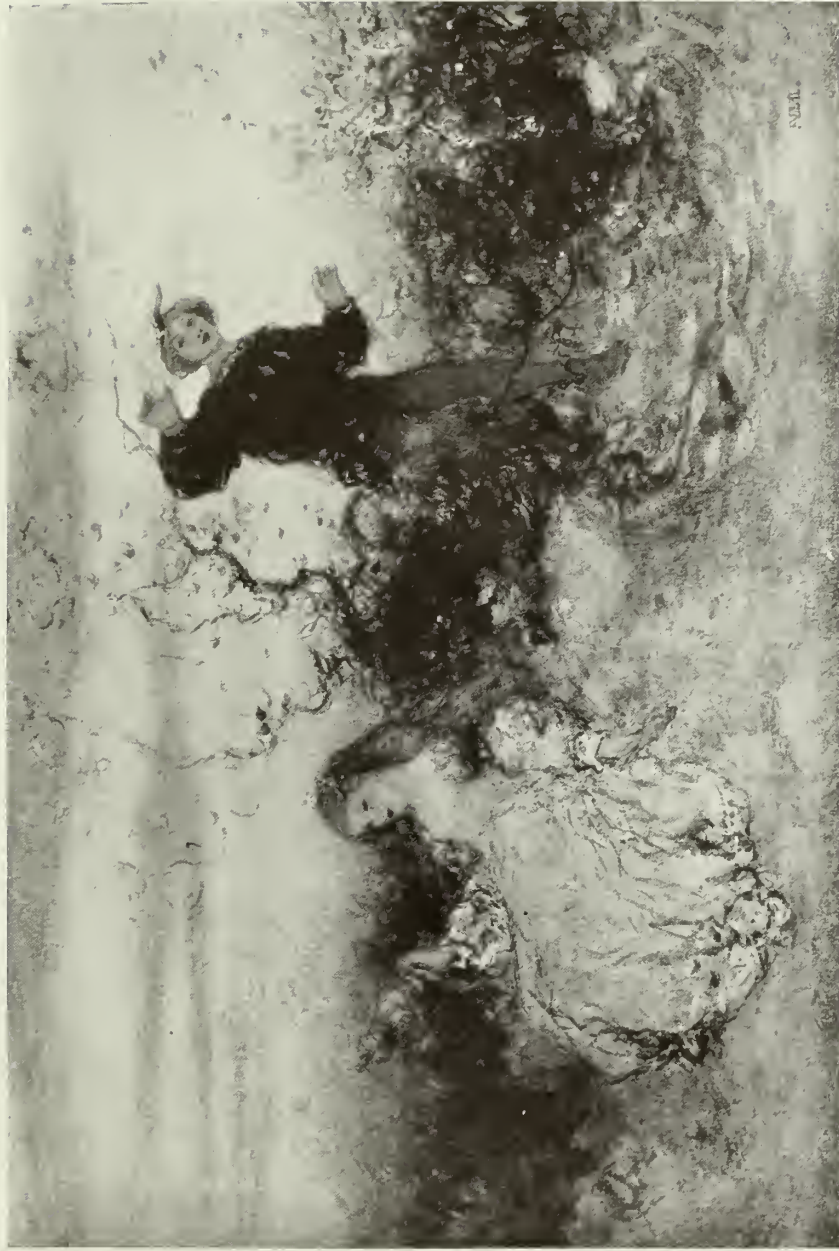






A STUDY. FROM THE COLLECTION OF  
M. VAN DER MAAREL, ESQ. PHOTO. KLEINMANN





"THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS." FROM  
THE COLLECTION OF A. FORRESTER PATON, ESQ.







M 11. A DRAWING BY MATTHEW MARIS. LENT BY THE ARTIST.





A STUDY. IN THE MESDAG MUSEUM,  
THE HAGUE. PHOTO. KLEINMANN







"FEEDING CHICKENS." FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY



M14 "THE CHRISTENING "

BY

MATTHEW MARIS

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS.  
AGNEW & SONS & MESSRS. WALLIS & SON











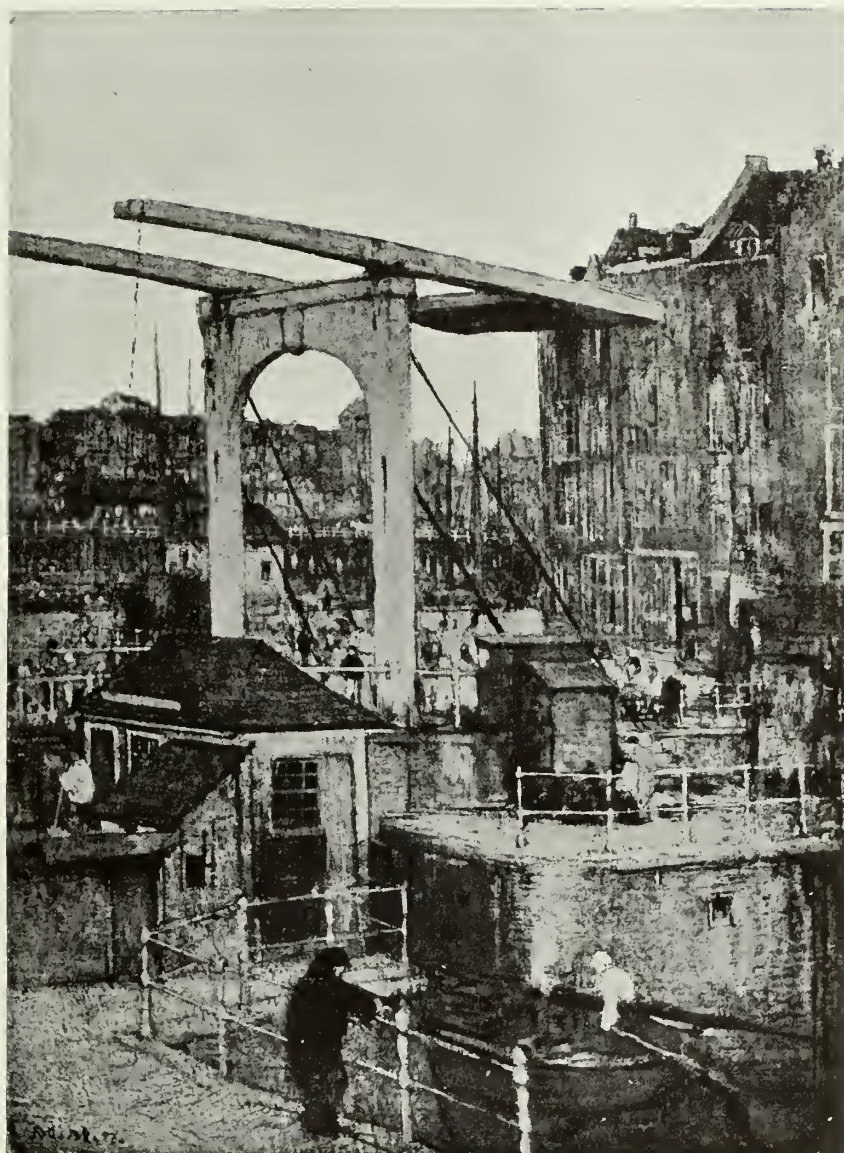




"A MARKET SCENE." FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. J. BIESING, ESQ. PHOTO. KLEINMANN







"SOUVENIR OF AMSTERDAM." BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. WILLIAM MARCHANT & CO.



M17 "L'ENFANT COUCHÉE"

BY

MATTHEW MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ANDREW MAXWELL, Esq















"THE SPINNER." FROM THE COLLECTION OF  
J. R. H. NEERVOORT VAN DE POLL ESQ. PHOTO. KLEINMANN







LANDSCAPE. IN THE MESDAG MUSEUM, THE HAGUE. PHOTO. KLEINMANN





"A FANTASY." FROM THE COLLECTION OF MADAME E. J. VAN WISSELINGH







"LAUSANNE." FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BURRELL, ESQ.



M22

“SISKA”

BY

MATTHEW MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF  
D. CROAL THOMSON, Esq

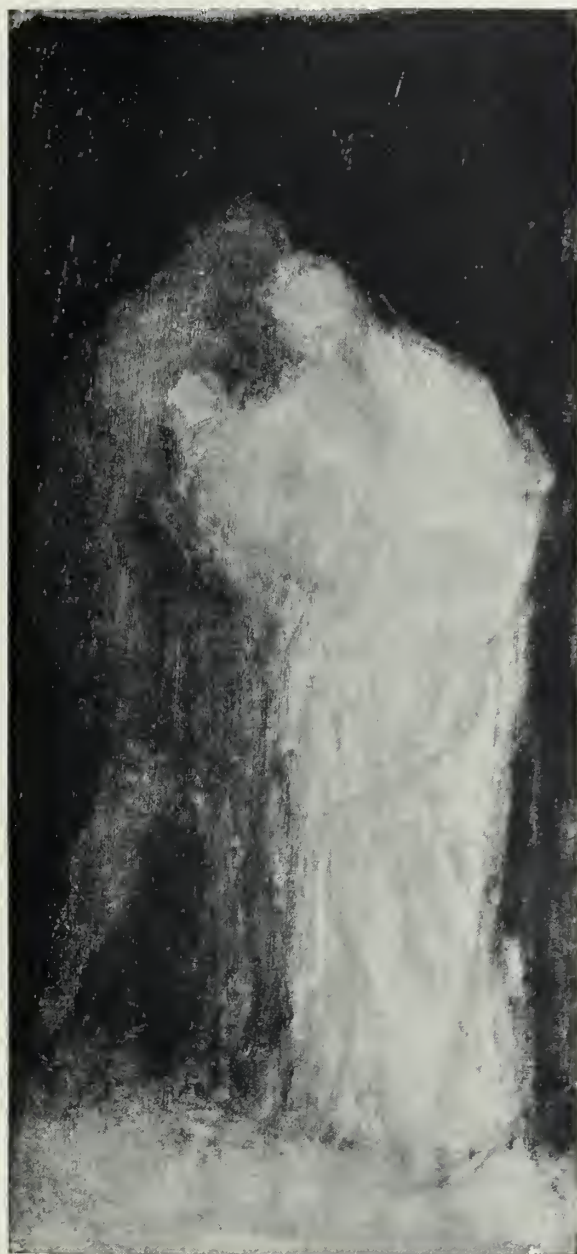












A STUDY. FROM THE COLLECTION  
OF MADAME E. J. VAN WISSELINGH







"THE FOUR MILLS." FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY





"THE BRIDE OF THE CHURCH." IN THE  
MESDAG MUSEUM, THE HAGUE. PHOTO. KLEINMANN







"UNDER THE TREE." FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING LENT  
BY THE ARTIST. PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. COTTIER & CO.



M27

"BABY"

BY

MATTHEW MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN G. URF, Esq.













"COTTAGE SCENE." FROM THE COLLECTION  
OF C. D. REICH, ESQ., JUN. PHOTO. KLEINMANN







"THE ENCHANTED CASTLE." FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING  
LENT BY THE ARTIST. PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. COTTIER & CO.







"THE SISTERS." FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BURRELL ESQ.





"THE LADY WITH THE DISTAFF." FROM AN  
ORIGINAL ETCHING PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. COTTIER & CO.



# METHODS OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.



THE pictures of James Maris, both in oil and in water-colour, are marked by a masculine grasp different from, and far in advance, technically, of either his own brother's work or that of any of his contemporaries.

His paintings in oil are so strong in colour and in tone as to be practically unique in landscape painting. Figures he usually introduced into his compositions, often only a man half-

hidden in a boat or on horseback, and although he occasionally essayed a picture of a figure alone, seldom with entire success.

It is difficult to decide wherein James Maris had affinity with other painters. Delacroix was, at least, of something of the same way of thinking, and Constable, when he employed his palette knife, achieved, in another way, a similar result. Turner, in his oil sketches, produced a picture of the same style now and then, and perhaps the archives of the National Gallery will further disgorge more hidden treasures of this character.

The *plein air* French school, with its more or less pit-a-pat technique, never reaches the tonal quality of a James Maris, and the great artists of the Scottish School, W. M'Taggart and Sam Bough, are too indifferent to a complete *ensemble* to rival him, although the first-named painter occasionally reaches an almost similar strength of colour.

Had Velasquez studied landscape as carefully as he studied portraits and figures he would probably have painted in the manner of James Maris, so at least is conveyed by the somewhat meagre attempts he has left. It is quite certain, also, that the painter of the *Young Man in a Flap Cap*, at Cassel, and a hundred other triumphs, Franz Hals, would have been James Maris' most powerful rival, had he not lived at a time when landscape painting received little real attention. And the reader is not to think I am placing too high a comparative value on the artist we are now discussing, for the secret of the extraordinary advance in the estimation of the artistic world of James Maris' work lies in the fact that its quality is of the very highest, and that it is well worthy to be placed equal amongst the masters just mentioned.



But the painter to whom James Maris is most closely allied is Rembrandt in his later works. In this case our modern master has to bow his head—and very low—to the great Hollander of two centuries previous. No one can ever hope to successfully compete with the glorious tone and rich quality of the greatest painter who ever lived, and even a James Maris appears comparatively cold beside the glory of a Rembrandt. Yet who can tell what the tone of a Maris may be after the patina of two hundred years appears upon it?

Even in our own time the tone and colour of James Maris' oil paintings have modified in a most wonderful way. I remember quite well the extraordinary freshness of paint in the famous picture, of which an illustration is printed, *The Bridge* (J. 20). It was in 1885 that this great composition (for which a number of preliminary sketches, studies, and small works had been prepared), was completed, and when it passed, fresh as morning dew, into the collection of J. S. Forbes, I had every opportunity of seeing it and discussing the quality of the work with its owner.

The whole sky and foreground were palpitating with new colour—it was almost crude; very, very rough, and “painty” to a degree. I recollect especially the blue paint on the milk pails of the dairymaid, for they seemed to be about a quarter of an inch thick and of pure unmixed colour. So much did these facts impress me that I almost questioned Mr. Forbes' taste in choosing so vividly painted a picture. The collector knew that “I had my doots,” but he also knew that up to that period I had not seen many works of James Maris, and, in any case, had not studied them in the thorough manner he had.

The artist told me, and experience has confirmed its truth and wisdom, that he painted with the idea that no one should examine his work closely for about ten or twelve years after it was painted; that a picture is destined to last several centuries, at least, and therefore the first dozen years are of no great consequence in its history. If a painter can accurately judge of the effect of this maturing period and paint so that his work will have reached its proper quality in such time, it is certain his works have a great future before them. The works of James Maris have all the rest of the centuries in which to shine when once they have attained—as they do attain—the quality and tone of a great master.

It is only the later pictures of James Maris which have undergone this remarkable ripening process, and it is possible that the knowledge

of how to prepare for this only came to him as time went on. James Maris' early pictures have an allied tonal quality, but it is evident they are produced with much greater labour, are more "finicking," and far less free than his pictures of about 1878 and onwards.

In water-colour the same criticisms do not hold good. Now and then James Maris produced drawings of intense green and almost crude in quality, and these have not greatly altered, although, of course, they too have modified a little as time goes on. Many of the subjects were painted both in oil and water-colour, and this difference of simple vividness of paint is readily noticeable. But the majority of James Maris' drawings have been produced with a clear knowledge of the limitations of water-colour, and the harmony of tone is striven for, and is, I contend, obtained from the first.

In some other water-colours, James Maris has employed the medium almost as if it were oil, and by a combination of solid colours—a kind of tempera or body colour—has so far succeeded. But some of the high lights have greatly altered, and in one case, in the Glasgow permanent collection, the white has changed to nearly black. There is always an attractiveness about James Maris' water-colours, however, that secures them honour from the collector, and several herein illustrated emphasize this beyond question.

The methods of William Maris are more traditional, while his pictures possess such exquisite tones and painting qualities as render them specially acceptable to the collector of to-day. Until recent years, William Maris has painted in what may be termed the ordinary methods of the Dutch School. But within the past ten years these methods have developed a firmness and dignity which place him daily higher in the estimation of the artistic community.

In his early days he was helped and encouraged and also scolded by James, who had also never spared his younger brother Matthew if words would drive him. William's earliest lessons—first, of course, in drawing only, but later with colours also—were given to him by James and Matthew, but these lessons must have been mainly theoretical, for there never can be traced in any of William's work the influence of either of his brothers' methods of production. Nothing, in fact, could be more different in result, and the reproductions in this publication will show this even to the least initiated.

Unlike his brothers, William had no training at an Academy, and he trusted greatly to his intuitive love for his native Netherlands, and studied solely through its charms. In summer he spent all the time in working out of doors in the fields and meadows, and in the winter

in sheds and stables studying the cattle. He went often over the borders of Holland into the small village of Calmpthout in the kingdom of Belgium, about a dozen miles north of Antwerp. There he loved to paint on the moors, and he speaks with pleasure of the joy he found in working there. He takes pride in pointing out that while his two brothers went to study first in Antwerp and afterwards in Paris, he was his own master after his first brief lessons from his brothers.

The artistic productions of Matthew Maris are, in every way different from those of his elder and younger brothers. His personal influence is clearly visible in the pictures of James, but the influence of James is never perceptible in the works of Matthew. After the two elder brothers separated—about 1871—the artistic influence of Matthew over James quickly decreased, and before very long altogether vanished, the natural vigour of James' brush work soaring far away from the more exacting and more timid execution of Matthew.

Judging from these facts alone one comes to the conclusion that mentally Matthew is the greater power, and that even amid all the urgings of the elder son of the family to his brother to produce pictures more assiduously, James felt the artistic greatness of his junior, and quite unknowingly bowed before it. In any event the fact is obvious to an examiner of the pictures by James Maris up to 1872, that a subtle influence has been at work prevailing on the painter to modify his tendency to paintiness, to make his tones more grey, more infinitely varied in quality, less prosaic, and therefore more spiritual and poetic.

It is no reflection on the elder brother to say that he sought the higher flights of far more powerful brush work; for, as I say elsewhere, no artist ever displayed more vigour in paint than did James Maris.

But in dealing with the art of Matthew, it is intensely interesting to find the result of the brothers painting together was that the more poetic mind proved the more influential of the two, and that the less vigorous, because more subtle, artist was acknowledged the greater painter of the moment.

All the early works of Matthew Maris reveal the tender qualities of his nature. The canvases themselves are never large in dimensions, whatever bigness may be indicated in the composition, and as a rule this bigness is marked, although the actual measurements of the subjects are comparatively small.



## METHODS OF PAINTING

Take, as example, the early picture of the artist, the *Souvenir of Amsterdam* (M. 16). This measures only 18 ins. by 13 ins., less than half the area of the famous *Angelus*, and little more than what is usually termed a cabinet picture, *i.e.* one that may be taken on the knee and looked at closely.

Yet it is no exaggeration to say that this small canvas contains the essential features of the great Dutch city with its good half million inhabitants. The tall houses, the canals, the "ophaalbruggen" towering over everything—as the bridge always does, and must do, in a land under the level of the sea—the distant buildings and shipping.

Everything (except the diamonds, which, however, are perhaps reflected in the colouring) that the commercial Capital of Holland says to the visitor is concentrated on these few square inches.

I wanted to discuss this picture with Mr. Maris, for its golden-brown colour went straight to my heart from the moment I first saw it, now many years ago, but the artist would have none of it. "Only a pot-boiler, made to coin a little necessary money, and one of my suicides."

But nothing, said even by the man who produced the work over thirty years ago, could discount the charm of the picture to me, and my reply to the artist that it was a masterpiece of the first order came direct from my heart and brain.

As a complete contrast, let us take the reproduction of my own picture—*Siska* (M. 22), as I named it, when a name had to be provided for a catalogue at the Guildhall, in 1903. This picture, rich to me in its associations with the painter, the free gift of a Heaven-born genius to one who limps in a mundane manner far beneath, is a typical example of the later phase of the master's art.

Like a glimpse of colour, blown on a piece of canvas—a dream, a vision, if you will, of something after which the artistic soul has longed without complete realisation, an aspiration after the beautiful, complete in tone and harmony. No poor words of mine can ever convey to the unsympathetic what this means to me and others who think with me, but to the spirit who understands—how delightful, how soothing, how wonderful . . . !!

Let me conclude this account of some of the methods of Matthew Maris by a lengthy quotation from a letter the artist has written me in connection with the present publication. It has no direct bearing on his manner of work, but it reveals the extraordinarily involved style of thought natural to the artist, and it frankly expresses his own meagre opinion of his own achievements:—

"I had no head for money, and then everything was ruled by it. Besides of all things I hated and detested was painting. They told me I had a talent for it, and was a clever chap and could make as much money as I liked. Money always the principal thing and so it happens that I got forced into it. . . . Being considered a very clever talented chap, after the war or siege of Paris, a young fellow of the name of Vincent van Gogh came around asking me for advice. . . . The same time I was acquainted with a sculptor by the name of Dubois, he came around in despair—didn't know what to do—was going to be sold up. I did not advise him to hang himself, but to go about worshipping 'the pot,' making little subjects of statues, but before he could execute this most valuable advice in working order, they sold everything he possessed, his bed, his wardrobe, his work, his tools. He expected the Government to buy his statue because they had provided him with the *marbre*, but having been born on a different spot of the globe, so not considered belonging to the same specie as themselves, left him in the lurch—money the principal! So there he was without a home, without all necessaries. On a cold winter's night in February he slipped on the frozen snow, broke his leg, was carried to the hospital and well cared for. But then, when he got better he stared about like a criminal coming out of jail—money the principal—no money, no friends! He told me so himself. Somehow or other he fancied that perhaps among his compatriots someone might be found to assist him in a way for the time being, and went to The Hague where he was not long before he threw himself out of a window—unsound mind, of course! . . . 'Au riche' (I read somewhere) 'les parents pleuvent de toute part. Sa maison toujours en fourmille: et souvent le pauvre est bâtard au sein même de sa famille.' The law of the pocket 'full' signifies 'rich;' empty 'poor,' all the world over the same; black, brown, yellow or white skinned. Heathen, barbarians, Mahomettans; pocket full, 'power'—empty, 'helpless.'

"In 'The Arabian Nights' there is a chap whose full pocket ran empty, so he set about lamenting his fate, declaiming 'Poverty causes the *lustre* of a man to depart like the yellowness of the setting sun. When absent he is not remembered among mankind, and when present shareth not their pleasures. He shunneth the market streets, and in desert places poureth forth his tears. By Allah! a man among his own relations when stricken with poverty is as a STRANGER! Steal, swindle, sweat, plunder, murder, loot, horserace, gamble, bet, cheat,—always pocket full—representing power, representing freedom, representing bread, representing comfort. I wonder what justice would have to say if a Carpenter nowadays would take a rope with knots going about thrashing the money-grabbers or full-pocket ones? Well baptised in the Lord as they are."

Occasionally, while in Cottier's studio, Matthew Maris interested himself in designs for stained-glass windows. In one solitary instance he painted, on the glass itself, a marvellous figure of golden brown, rich as a deep-toned jewel. This unique piece adorns the doorway of Mr. J. G. Ure (at Helensburgh, on the Clyde) who is always proud to speak of it. In daylight it is best seen from inside the hall, and at evening from the exterior, with the artificial light behind, and it lends a dignity and charm to the doorway that cannot be surpassed.



## MARIS PICTURES IN AMERICA.



IN the United States there are many admirers of James and William Maris, and several of their principal pictures are there, notably the famous picture of *The Bridge* (J. 20), by James, which is more than once mentioned in this work. This splendid picture was, in 1906, acquired by Messrs. Knoedler & Co. from the Alexander Young Collection, and is now in the gallery of Mr. H. C. Frick, one

of the most enthusiastic and intelligent collectors in New York. Elsewhere I further refer to the love in certain quarters of the United States of the works of the Brothers Maris.

In Canada, also, the quiet good taste of the sagacious collector, assisted, no doubt, by the strong Scottish strain in his surroundings, has led to the works of Matthew Maris being more sought after than the others, and a number of his finest subjects have found a permanent home there amongst the most celebrated treasures of a thoroughly art-loving community.

It is not yet generally recognised, yet it is a fact which will have considerable weight in the art markets of the world in days to come, that, after London, Paris and New York, Montreal is the most important artistic centre for art of the finest quality. For thirty years and more there have been growing in Montreal collections of pictures which can hold their own with the best. The collections of Sir George Drummond and Mr. James Ross, together with those of Sir William van Horne, Mr. Angus, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Greenshields, to name only the most prominent, would-be centres of attraction in Mayfair, or Parc Monceau, and there are no collections comparable to them amongst the academic gatherings in Berlin or Vienna.

We have been specially favoured by having been able to obtain photographs of a number of the Montreal pictures of Matthew Maris, some of which are reproduced amongst our illustrations. These I have mostly received through the kind help of my friend Mr. F. R. Heaton of Montreal, to whose sympathetic conversations I owe much in the preparation of this volume. No one is gifted with a keener instinct for the best in art, and his lead to his fellow citizens is likely to carry far-reaching effects on the knowledge and appreciation of art in the prosperous Dominion.

Sir George Drummond has the finest Turner water-colour drawings,

and one of the two finest Daubignys and Corots in Montreal, and Mr. Ross possesses the other great Daubigny and the finest Reynolds (*Sylvia*) and Turner picture; Mr. Angus the best Raeburn and Mr. Greenshields possesses the chief Matthew Maris, the large and very important picture (26 by 20 inches) painted in 1873. The reproduction of this picture—*The Christening* (M. 1) renders the arrangement of its tonal qualities fairly well, but nothing can give the rich brown colour, the red, and the beautiful sky. It was one of the pictures acquired through M. van Wisselingh by Goupil.

Mr. Greenshields, of Montreal, takes some natural pride in possessing this remarkable picture, for its first owner, Mrs. Lorillard Wolfe, was a considerable purchaser of works of art, and she left her collection, which, however, is a little mixed, accompanied by a considerable endowment, to the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

The other pictures in Mr. Greenshields' collection are the *Boy with a Hoop*, painted as early as 1863, in tones of yellow brown, and more interesting than intrinsically beautiful; *The Yoke of Oxen* of about 1870 with fine strong colour, and *The Dreamer* of 1887 in lovely delicate golden-grey tones which are almost impossible to reproduce. Sir George Drummond's *Shepherdess* (M. 6), is very little, if any, less fine in colour and general harmony, but the subject is, perhaps, less immediately attractive. The tone, in fact, is in some ways so subtle that it requires long acquaintance with the work to know it thoroughly, while nothing can excel its quality of work which is of the most distinguished character, marking it as a picture of the first order. The owner relates with much pleasure the unexpected way he came across this picture, which his keen eye discovered amidst the most unlikely surroundings.

The figure subject, the property of Mr. R. B. Angus, of Montreal, is well shown in the illustration (M. 7). Amongst other pictures in that city are a landscape, the property of Messrs. Scott & Sons, one of the most choice examples of the master, and *At the Well*, belonging to Mr. Summer, of Montreal, although not so important, is a work of the first quality. There are other pictures by the Brothers Maris in both Canada and the United States. In the latter, however, the works of James and Matthew are very little known, and there are no examples of the first rank in any of the excellent art galleries throughout the land of the Stars and Stripes. Perhaps someone will arise and try to emulate Mr. Freer, of Detroit, and his Whistler collection. A group of Matthew Maris' works would be a most excellent corollary.



"IN THE SHADE." BY PER-  
MISSION OF P. J. ZÜRCHER, ESQ.







"A QUIET SPOT." BY PERMISSION OF  
MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO., THE HAGUE





W 3

"THE WATERING PLACE"

BY

WILLIAM MARIS

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS.  
AGNEW & SONS & MESSRS. WALLIS & SON







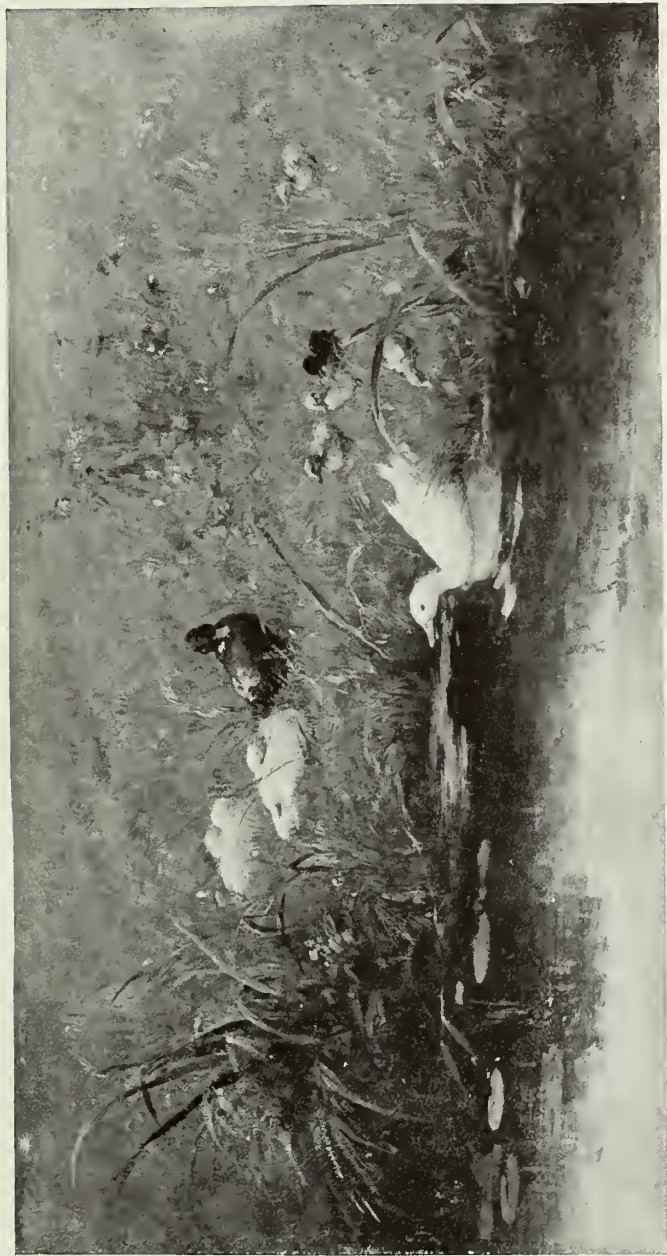






"BY THE STREAM," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS.  
THOS. AGNEW & SONS AND MESSRS. WALLIS & SON.





"DUCKS," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS.  
AGNEW & SONS AND MESSRS. WALLIS & SON



W6

"SPRINGTIME"

BY

WILLIAM MARIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF  
THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY













"CATTLE IN PASTURE." FROM THE  
COLLECTION OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DAY







"COWS NEAR A DITCH." IN THE RIJKS  
MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. PHOTO. KLEINMANN



W 19

"THE FAMILY "

BY  
WILLIAM MARIS

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. THOS.  
AGNEW & SONS & MESSRS. WALLIS & SON













"THE LANDING PLACE." BY PERMISSION OF  
MESSRS. THOS. AGNEW & SONS AND MESSRS. WALLIS & SON





"MILKING TIME." BY PERMISSION OF  
MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO., THE HAGUE





## EXAMPLES OF THE WORKS OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.



IN the course of the preceding narrative reference has been frequently made to the examples of the three artists' works, but it is convenient to give a fairly complete description and criticism of the pictures, in a more connected form than is possible while dealing with the personal history, and artistic careers, of the painter.

I shall take the natural course of considering first the works of the eldest of the group even although, as may already have been understood from the preceding text, I am personally most sympathetic with the pictures and drawings of the second brother, and, otherwise, might be disposed to treat of them first.

It has been no easy task to decide which of all the pictures to which access has been obtained should be chosen for reproduction, but great care has been taken to vary the subjects as completely as possible. A number of justly celebrated pictures by both James Maris and William Maris are so very similar in design that in black-and-white reproductions it is difficult to appreciate the great variations which really exist in the originals.

It may be said that the Bridge and Lock of the Dutch Canals, with or without a Windmill, were the favourite themes of James Maris, as Meadows and Cattle are of his youngest brother. Mathew's individuality is marked by an absence of strong preference for any one composition. Yet most artists have distinct leanings towards subjects specially sympathetic to their natures. Hobbema, for example, loved to paint a water-mill, Ruysdael a waterfall, and Cuyp the meadows of Dort on a summer evening. Later landscape men were ruled in the same way, Constable by Dedham, Turner by Venice, Corot by Ville d'Avray, and Whistler, in his early years, by the Thames.

In the selection of the following illustrations the favourite subjects of our artists are duly represented, but care has also been taken to display the width of their sympathies by reproducing a variety as large as their works permit.

## EXAMPLES OF THE WORKS OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.

### ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER JAMES MARIS.

Beginning with the four reproductions in colour from paintings by James Maris, we have characteristic examples in three cases of his later work, and in the second plate, *Entrance to the Zuider Zee* (J. 9), a picture of earlier date.

The latter remarkable picture, painted in 1873, is one of the finest works of the artist, and in point of beauty of design and brilliancy of colour has never been excelled. The reproduction, necessarily, is unable to give anything like the complete charm of the original canvas, which measures nearly three feet long, but the modern process is so well carried out that a very fair idea can be obtained of the tone and quality of the picture.

The subject is much more panoramic than James Maris undertook in later years, and it is possible that the design was, to some extent, inspired by his brother Matthew, who, in several notable works, has given similar largely extended scenes. Artists and art students will remember that in their early days they were disposed to make panoramic views, and this method of making a picture is one that has great attractions for the young.

It seems as if it were only in later life that the artist begins thoroughly to understand the immensity of nature, and content himself with a less extended subject. Constable in his early pictures, Turner in his water-colour drawings (although it is notable that this master carried his panoramic views into later life), Corot, as well as Rembrandt, all sought for inspiration through panoramas in their earlier days.

This view of the Zuider Zee with the boats sailing on the pearly water and the clouds floating in the atmosphere, which can be felt without being found to be exaggerated, was the gem of the collection of Mr. Alexander Young, and a picture of which that acute collector was very proud.

The other three plates in colour are simple subjects, the *Gateway at Haarlem* (J. 3) being a reproduction of a picture very little bigger than our illustration. *The Windmill* (J. 17) is somewhat larger, but nothing like so great in dimensions of canvas as James Maris often painted the same kind of subject. *Ploughing* (J. 27), a work immensely difficult to reproduce satisfactorily, is very brilliant in atmospheric effect, and a picture which should be carefully studied by the student. The simplicity of the composition is very apparent. The long lines of the ploughed field leads to an horizon which is absolutely flat; no indication even of a

## EXAMPLES OF THE WORKS OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.

sand dune is visible, and the grand lines of a mountain side are not required by this competent artist to make what is in every way a great artistic work.

Of the illustrations in black-and-white, journalistic exigencies have made it necessary to arrange the subjects without definite attention to their dates of production, and this is preferable because it shows the reader at once the immense variety of work the master crowded into his life. It will be observed that James Maris frankly accepts the subjects which are laid to his hand—he paints nothing but what can be found in Holland at the present day, and lands foreign to Holland have never been able to induce him to portray their landscape or their inhabitants.

Windmills play an important part in many of his arrangements, the composition of *The Five Windmills* (J. 2) being one of his greatest works. This picture, painted soon after the *Entrance to the Zuider Zee*, is bathed in the pure daylight of Heaven, and this with its sense of quiet industry and dignified toil raises it to the level of a masterpiece.

Occasionally James Maris has painted figures: *The Young Mother* (J. 4), a picture of 1868, is one of the least markedly Dutch subjects the painter has treated. The portrait of his own children—that of the girl on a sofa (J. 21) from the Donald Collection in Glasgow, and the child with a peacock-feather (J. 25) represent a kind of subject the artist liked to realise when painting indoors at home.

Mr. Beattie's landscape of Dordrecht (J. 5) is a picture particularly well known in Scotland, where it has been frequently exhibited. *The Fisherman*, reproduced in photogravure (J. 6), is a work of 1869, of a cool-grey colour.

Sir John Day's magnificent examples of *A Stormy Day* (J. 8) and *Ploughing* (J. 11), together with *The Towpath* (J. 14) and *Amsterdam* (J. 31), and also his canvas of the artist's early work *At the Well* (J. 15), are all pictures of great artistic quality, the windmill example being particularly strong.

The now famous James Maris (J. 12), in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, is probably a composition by the artist from various places, the general aspect being that of Amsterdam itself. Mr. Preyer's river scene (J. 13) is a little picture which will continue to grow into finer and finer colour, as has been the manner of the works of this artist, and as has been especially the case in *The Bridge* (J. 20), about which I have written earlier in this volume.

From the Donald Collection in the Glasgow Art Gallery is a

## EXAMPLES OF THE WORKS OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.

reproduction of a wonderful water-colour, *A Dutch Town* (J. 16), a work which, however, has begun recently to show signs of deterioration, for certain black spots to the right of the sky are, to all appearance, produced by changes in the paint. Mr. Arthur Kay's river scene (J. 24) is just such a strong picture as one would expect this competent connoisseur to possess; and Messrs. Goupil's *Wharf* (J. 29) is one of those strongly marked, characteristic pieces such as has frequently passed through their hands.

These illustrations may fairly be taken to cover the chief characteristics of the art of James Maris. The artist was a very prolific painter, especially in his later life, but he was never a hasty worker, however fresh in colour and unfinished his pictures appeared at first. Now that the tones of time are revealed, the complete intention of the painter is apparent.

## ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER MATTHEW MARIS.

Although we have been able to get together a larger number of reproductions after Matthew Maris, this has only been accomplished after considerable difficulty, there being a much more restricted number from which to choose, and also a reluctance in the minds of certain collectors, who prefer to keep their treasures to themselves. Of the illustrations in colour, the plate from my own picture of *Siska* (M. 22) has already been mentioned in some detail. *The Christening* (M. 14) is from a water-colour very different in treatment in every way from Mr. Greenshield's picture of the same title (M. 1) which also has been fully described in an earlier page. A few glances on the subjects will show the difference of treatment between this artist and his elder brother. When Matthew Maris paints a landscape, even with windmills such as in Sir John Day's noble picture (M. 24), he treats the subject in an ethereal way far above the forceful but mundane treatment of the other. Moreover, Matthew Maris introduces into most of his subjects a sentiment and charm which places them in a category by themselves.

The drawing which Mr. Maris was kind enough to lend for reproduction in this work (M. 11) is a sketch made a number of years ago for possible use in a stained-glass window. It was no easy task to render successfully this singularly interesting study, but the artist, by overlooking the proofs, gave valuable assistance to the lithographer.

Of the four plates in photogravure Mr. Andrew Maxwell's *L'Enfant Couchée* (M. 17) is one of the most interesting; it reminds one of Mr. Burrell's *Butterflies* (M. 5), and it would be invidious



## EXAMPLES OF THE WORKS OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.

to say which is the finer work. Both belong to Glasgow collectors, and have more than once been exhibited in Scotland, to the great delight of the artistic community there. Sir George Drummond's *Shepherdess* (M. 6) is one of the most beautiful of the artist's early pictures, and was painted about the same time as Sir John Day's marvellous piece of colour *Feeding Chickens* (M. 13) and Mr. Angus's delightful canvas of *The Flower* (M. 7). *Baby* (M. 27), for which one of M. Jules Lessore's children sat, belongs to Mr. J. G. Ure, of Helensburgh, a fervent admirer of the two elder Brothers Maris, and possessor of fine pictures by them.

The study belonging to Mdme. Van Wisselingh (M. 4) is one of the exercises which brought the young artist so early under the notice of his Sovereign ; and the *Head of a Sheep* (M. 12), from the Mesdag Collection, is about the same period. Mdme. Van Wisselingh's *Fantasy* (M. 20) strongly introduces the element of Romanticism such as we find in practically every one of Matthew Maris's later works. *The King's Children*, from the Mesdag Collection (M. 3), *The Prince and Princess* (M. 10), together with the dreamlike representations of *The Castle* (M. 2) and the landscape from the Mesdag Gallery (M. 19), are all full of a sense of poetry and romance which must be felt to be understood.

Very similar in design to Mr. Crathern's picture (M. 2) is the etching of the same subject from which we make the reproduction by permission of the artist (M. 29). Matthew Maris in earlier days produced a number of etched plates, the most important being *The Sower*, after J. F. Millet. Only a small number of the proofs were printed, and the impressions are scarce ; a combination of the poetic charm of Matthew Maris with the stern realism of the Barbizon master must make the plate in every way a remarkable one. Matthew Maris also etched a number of small plates about the same size as the three reproduced here (M. 26, 29 and 31), Messrs. Cottier being the publishers.

The reproduction of the *Souvenir of Amsterdam* (p. 16), a composition of which I have said something in an earlier chapter, will help one to realise the marvellous charm of this, to my mind, the finest of all the landscape works of the master.

It should be mentioned that the Premier, Sir H. Campbell Bannerman is the happy possessor of one of the largest of Matthew Maris's landscape pictures, and it may be remarked that hard-headed but gentle-hearted Scotsmen appear most susceptible to the attractions of this painter.



## EXAMPLES OF THE WORKS OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.

### ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER WILLIAM MARIS.

The illustrations of the works of William Maris are smaller in number, but they show every phase of the artist's work.

The water-colour of *The Watering Place* (W. 3) and the oil-painting of *The Family* (W. 9), both produced in colour, are characteristic of his best style in these mediums. The water-colour drawing is particularly successful, and the reduction from the original not being too great, the method of laying on the water-colour is clearly perceptible.

Sir John Day's two pictures, *Springtime* (W. 6) and *Cattle in Pasture* (W. 7), display the tendency of William Maris' beautiful art, the tone and quality being what the painter desired specially to express. Much stronger, and therefore more easy to show in black and white, are the pictures *In the Shade* (W. 1) and *By the Stream* (W. 4), the first to be compared with *Milking Time* (W. 11), a little further on, wherein the leaves flutter, and here and there fall to the ground in the evening breeze. The *Duck* pictures of William Maris (W. 2 and 5) reveal another branch of the artist's studies, and one in which he has been notably successful.

# THE INFLUENCE OF THE BROTHERS MARIS.



IN such a chapter it is only desirable to hint as to what may possibly take place in the future as the result of the markedly strong work of these artists. In matters of tradition in art it is certain that the influence of a great artist is not immediately perceptible. Rembrandt had a regular school of pupils, but his apparent influence did not last long even with the men who deliberately imitated him. There is, for example, a picture by Govert Flinck which is a portrait of Saskia, the inmate of Rembrandt's house. This picture is so similar in arrangement and general treatment to Rembrandt's work of the same period, that it may justifiably be mistaken for the genuine brush work of the greatest of the Dutch painters.

But there is another picture—a portrait of a young girl also—by the same artist, Govert Flinck, dated four years later. This second picture shows nothing of the colour and tone of Rembrandt, and, in fact, Flinck has gone back to his own uninspired method of work, in which comparatively little interest can now be felt.

This goes to show, therefore, that the influence of an artist is often not very strong, and even if it is powerful one season, in a few years it may have nearly worn off; or, on the other hand, it may have assisted the pupil to develop a style of his own, even although his earliest works, done under tutors, display a strong tendency to imitate the instructor.

One of the most notable instances of the influence of teachers over pupils is the well-known and often-discussed traditional feeling exhibited in the works of the divine Raphael.

In his first pictures Raphael reproduces in an almost slavish degree the drawing and colouring of his master, Perugino. So much is this so, that in certain works it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish one from the other. Yet no one dreams of reproaching Raphael for this, but observes with interest his rapid development into his own refined, if somewhat laboured, manner of work.

The influence of William Maris has not yet had time to show itself, and it may be said of James Maris that he does not appear to have any direct imitator, or any very pronounced follower in his method

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE BROTHERS MARIS

of painting. But his influence has been, and is, very great, especially amongst those whose instincts lead them to endeavour to paint with fine tone and colour. In Scotland especially has James Maris' influence been enormous, several clever, capable artists often working consciously or unconsciously, greatly in the same tradition. No reproach to these fine painters is intended, but only a hint that they can now afford to "gang their ain gait," as their own countrymen would say.

American and Canadian landscape painters also show a strong disposition to follow in the same method of painting, and it may generally be said that the influence of James Maris is increasing rather than otherwise.

As to the influence of Matthew Maris, I fear it is almost hopeless to follow it. His art is so subtle, so elusive, and so bewitching, that it is practically impossible to lay a finger on the place where its influence is visible. We know that in the early seventies Matthew greatly influenced James Maris. Also I know that Mr. J. M. Swan in his mountain pictures, achieved during his special intimacy with Matthew, showed a tendency to follow the teaching of our artist, who was then constantly visiting the studio in Acacia Road. But direct imitators Mathew Maris has, as yet, practically none.

This master, one of the seers of the century, and a recluse resident in one of the most populous districts in London, has painted almost always his own ideas as compositions, and has practically avoided the obvious amongst his surroundings. Save when, in his early days, perforce painting for what he terms "the pot," the subjects of Matthew Maris have been crystallisations of his dreams. Blown on the canvas, as it were, with practically no trace of the machinery of paint visible to distract, all the pictures of this mystic artist have soared to a height above the more material arrangements in his brothers' work. He has sought and found his inspiration from the least tangible of his surroundings, or from his heaven-born gift of exquisite dreams such as never materialise except to the seer whose life is hardly of this world at all.

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